REAL WEST

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True Tales of the American Frontier

75¢ NOVEMBER 1976

JOHN LEPLEY MONTANA PIONEER

PEARL YOUNGER AND THE FALLING STARRS

N.O. REYNOLDS THE INTREPID RANGER

DIAMOND FIELD JACK

THE DEATH OF BROWN BOWEN

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Is it true the amazing secret of TELECULT POWER

AUTOMATICALLY BRINGS YOU ANYTHING YOU DESIRE...

And in 10 seconds starts to draw Riches, Love, Fine Possessions, Friends, Power, Secret Knowledge, and much more into your life? See for yourself!

Yes, a staggering miracle has happened; A brilliant psychic researcher has discovered a secret—so powerful that it is said to bring your desires to you, from the invisible world, like a blazing streak of lightning!

Yes, how would you like to be able to sit in your living room, give the command for love, and instantly have your loved one appear at your side? Or give the command for money, and suddenly find a big, thick roll of dollars in your hand?•

Now, a daring new book called TELECULT POWER lays bare this magic secret, and shows how it can bring fortune, love, and happiness. And Reese P. Dubin — the man who discovered it — makes this shocking claim . . .

"Great Wealth And Power Can Be Yours!"

Admittedly, the concept this book proposes is completely opposed and contrary to normal human knowledge and experience. "But at this very moment," says Mr. Dubin, "I have startling proof that I want you to see with your own eyes! I want to show you . . .

- "How diamonds and jewels have appeared, seemingly out of nothingness, shortly after the use of this strange secret!"
- "How a man used this method for a pocketful of money!"
- "How a woman used it to fill an empty purse!"
- "How a farmer received a pot full of gold!"
- "How another user Teleported a gold jewel box to her, seemingly out of thin air!"
- "How a woman used this method to regain her lost youth!"
- "How a man, growing bald, claims he renewed the growth of his hair with this secret!"
- "How a woman used it to bring her mate to her, without asking!"
- "How another woman summoned a man to her —out of thin air!"
- "How a man heard the unspoken thoughts of others, with this secret!"
- "How a woman saw behind walls and over great distances, with it!"
- "How a man broadcast silent commands that others had to obey!"

Let us now clearly demonstrate to you the scientific basis behind the new wonderworking, Miracle of TELECULT POWER!

"How Telecult Power Brings Any Desire Easily And Automatically!"

For many years, Reese P. Dubin dreamed of a way to call upon the invisible forces at work all around us. He spent a lifetime digging and searching for the secret. These investigations brought him knowledge that goes back to the dim recesses of the past.

One day, to his astonishment, he discovered that he could actually broadcast silent commands, which others instantly obeyed. Using the secret he tells you about in this book, he tried it time after time — commanding others to sleep, get up and come to him, talk or not talk — and act according to his silent wishes. It worked every time!

Working relentlessly from this evidence, Reese P. Dubin succeeded in perfecting a new kind of instrument — called a Tele-Photo Transmitter — that concentrates your thoughts, and sends them like a streaking bullet to their destination!

OTHERS OBEY SILENT COMMANDS! Writing of the success of this method, one user reports the following experience:

"I willed her to pick up and eat a biscuit from a plate in a corner of the room. She did so. I willed her to shake hands with her mother. She rushed to her mother and stroked her hands . . .

"I willed her to nod. She stood still and bent her head, I willed her to clap her hands, play a note on the piano, write her name, all of which she did."

"No one can escape the power of this method," says Mr. Dubin. "Everybody — high or low, ignorant or wise — all are subject to its spell! And unless the person is told what's being done, he will think the thoughts are his own!"

HEARS THE THOUGHTS OF OTHERS! Experimenting further with the Tele-Photo Transmitter, Reese P. Dubin soon found that he could "tune in" and HEAR the unspoken thoughts of others. He says, "At first, these hearing impressions startled me, and I took them for actual speech, until I realized that people don't usually say such things aloud! And their lips remained closed."

SEES BEYOND WALLS, AND OVER GREAT DISTANCES! Then he discovered he could pick up actual sights, from behind walls and over great distances! And when he "tuned in" he could see actual living scenes before him—as clear as the picture on a television screen!

MAKES WOMAN APPEAR — SEEMINGLY OUT OF THIN AIR! With mounting excitement, Reese P. Dubin launched one of the most exciting experiments in the history of psychic research. He wanted to see if the Tele-Photo Transmitter could bring him an actual material object! He chose, for this experiment, the seemingly impossible: an actual living person!

He simply focused the Tele-Photo Transmitter, by dialing the object of his desire. In a flash the door burst open, and there — standing before him, as real as life — was his long-lost cousin!

He stared and rubbed his eyes, and looked again! There — smiling, with arms outstretched in greeting— stood living proof of the most astounding discovery of the Century!

Dial Any Treasure!

You'll see how to use the Tele-Photo Transmitter, to summon your desires. This special instrument — your mental equipment — requires no wires, and no electricity. "Yet," says Mr. Dubin, "it can teleport desires, swiftly from the invisible world."

When you dial your desire—whether for riches, love, or secret knowledge—you capture its invisible, photoplasmic form, at which point "it starts to materialize!" says Dr. Dubin.

"Telecult Power can work seeming miracles in your life," says Mr. Dubin. "With it, it is possible to dial any desire — called a Photo-Form — then sit back, relax, and watch this powerful secret go to work!"

"Instantly Your Life Is Changed!"

With this secret, the mightiest force in the Universe is at your command! "Simply ask for anything you want," says Mr. Dubin, "whether it be riches, love, fine possessions, power, friends, or secret knowledge!"

Suppose you had dialed Photo-Form #2 for Jewels, for example. That's what Margaret C. did, in an actual example Mr. Dubin tells you about. Rich, glittering diamonds and jewels literally appeared at her feet: a pair of gold earrings, which she found that morning . . . a surprise gift of a pearl necklace, and matching silver bracelets . . . a beautiful platinum ring set with emeralds and diamonds, dropped on her front lawn!

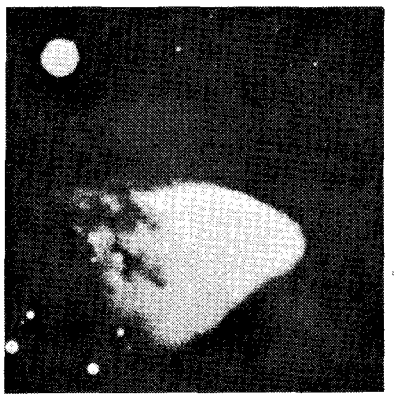
"Almost overnight," says Mr. Dubin, "it can start to multiply riches, bring romance and love . . . draw favors, gifts, new friends . . . or anything else asked for! It isn't necessary for you to understand why. What is important is that it has already worked for many others . . . men and women in all walks of life . . . worked every time . . . and it will work for you, too!"

Brings A Pocket Full Of Money!

You'll see how Jerry D. used this method. He was broke a week before payday. All he did, he says, was to dial Photo-Form #1. Suddenly he felt a bulge in his pocket. Lo and behold! He took out a roll of money . . . fives, tens, twenties . . . and more! Obviously, it had been placed there—but when? And by whom?

A Brand New Car Comes!

Marty C., a taxi driver, reports that he just dialed Photo-Form #4, sat back, relaxed, and waited for things to happen. In a short time, great excitement filled the house. His wife came hurrying in, saying, "We won it! We won a car and a cash prize! They just delivered it!" He got up and went to the window. There, big and beautiful,



standing in the driveway, was a brand new Cadillac!

Brings Mate Without Asking!

Mrs. Conrad B. reports that she was tired of "pursuing" her husband, as she called it. She wanted him to voluntarily do the things she longed for, take her places, show affection. But he hadn't looked at her in years. He would fall asleep immediately after supper, or watched the ball games, or read the papers. Secretly Mrs. B. decided to try this method. She dialed Photo-Form #9 for Love! Instantly, her husband's attitude changed from boredom to interest and enthusiasm. And from that day forward, he showered her with kindness and affection! It was like a miracle come true!

The Power Of This Method!

There are so many personal experiences which I could recount, stories of healing, wealth, and happiness with this secret, that I find myself wanting to tell all of them at once. Here are just a few . . .

- **REGAINS HAIR GROWTH!** Walter C. had a shiny bald head with just a fringe of white hair showing around the edges. He tried this method, and soon his hair began to regrow. The new hair came in thick, dark, and luxurious!
- **ROLLS DICE 50 TIMES WITHOUT MISSING ONCE!** You'll see how this secret gave Albert J. the power to roll the dice 50 times, without missing once, and—for the first time in the history of Las Vegas—walk away with $500,000!
- **DISSOLVES ALL EVIL!** You'll see how this amazing secret revealed to Lawrence M. the people who were trying to make him look silly at work—actually revealed their secret thoughts—made them confess and apologize!

If TELECULT POWER can do all this for others, what riches, what rewards, what amazing results can it also bring to you?

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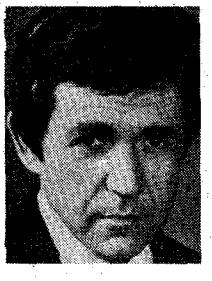

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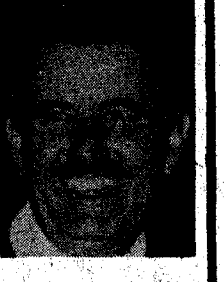

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REAL WEST

Nov. 1976 No. 148 Vol. 19

a world of things people want to know

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"Now—In Just 30 Seconds, these METAPHYSICAL COMMANDS Can Start Helping You to...

★ **Take fantastic astral journeys outside your body into the dimensions of past, present, and future!**

★ **Win astounding control over people and events: attract to yourself money, material things, people and conditions that you wish to have in your life!**

★ **Rejuvenate the cells of your body, enjoy new health, new youth, new vitality, by commanding the very life-forces within you—and that's just the beginning!**

Says ANTHONY NORVELL, Famous Psychic Investigator

Dear Friend:

After 25 years of research, I have discovered the key to all Astral and Psychic phenomena, one that has worked time after time for countless men and women—a simple secret that you can use easily to achieve any desired result in life!

For I have discovered that *every one of the powers which you possess—(sight, hearing, taste, touch, smell)—has a mental duplicate, an extension of itself in the Fourth Dimension.* Grouped together, they form your Astral Body, which you can use, the same as you use your physical body.

But, your Astral Body can do many things that your physical body alone can't, for it is part of the Fourth Dimension—an (invisible) *sea of electrons which flows in, through, and around the physical, giving it form and substance.* Your Astral Body can flow right through solid matter, *materialize in plain sight of others, perform* every one of the *functions of your physical body—sight, hearing, taste, touch, and smell*—all the while being controlled by you!

You can control your Astral Body by giving it certain specific commands—METAPHYSICAL COMMANDS which I spell out for you in plain English in my new book "Meta-physics: New Dimension of the Mind." For instance, you can command your Astral Body to . . .

• **MATERIALIZE IN FRONT OF SOMEONE AT A DISTANCE** — Your *Astral Body* is *invisible* because it is super charged with electrons vibrating at invisible speed. *It can, however materialize in plain sight of everyone, as a "thought-form,"* by vibrating more slowly. In this manner, *it is possible to "remind" someone — at a distance — of your presence!*

• **"BLEND" YOUR THOUGHTS WITH THOSE OF SOMEONE ELSE** — Since your *Astral Body is an invisible extension of your own* — with a mind that is an extension of your own — *it is possible to "blend" this mind* with the mind of someone else to *find out what he or she is thinking,* and even *implant your own thoughts in the minds of others!*

• **DUPLICATE ANY OBJECT IN EXISTENCE AND MAKE IT YOUR OWN** — Your *Astral Body exists and is part of the Fourth Dimension — a sea of tiny electrical particles from which all matter is formed.* By giving your Astral Body an Electromagnetic Command to duplicate some object — an expensive piece of furniture, for example — it pulls the particles in the air together to form a solid replica of that which you desire!

• **LIFT AND CARRY OBJECTS, TRANSPORT THEM TO YOU FROM A DISTANCE** — You can command your Astral Body to *lift solid objects, using its own concentrated energy* — such as *lifting a pair of dice and making them roll the way you want.*

• **"READ" OTHER PEOPLE'S PAST AND FUTURE** — Since, with your Astral Body, *you can "tune in" to the thoughts of any person, all memories and future plans* of his become an open book to you.

• **HEAL THE VERY CELLS OF YOUR BODY** — Your Astral Body *can help heal you if you are sick, keep you healthy, strong and youthful* — add years to your life! If your body is rundown, tired or "old" *it can charge and rejuvenate the very cells of your body with its own vibrant electron energy* to make you look and feel years younger!

• **TALK TO THE COSMIC MIND, RECEIVE HELP IN EVERY MATTER** — Your Astral Body is your only true means of communications with the higher Spirit Plane. In this manner, *it is possible for you to talk to the Cosmic Mind, just as you would to family or friends, and receive help and guidance in every matter!*

IF YOU READ NOTHING ELSE, READ THIS:

A Vital Word—"METAPHYSICS"

Scholars, when editing and cataloging Aristotle's writings, realized that not all of the information was about the natural physical world. In the process, Aristotle had accumulated information that was "outside" the physical world or "non-physical." This "non-physical" information was filed as "Meta-physics" literally meaning 'After-physics." This information, "after," "above," or "beyond" the physical, held the attention of many people through the ages, including philosophers, theologians, scholars and scientists. It was described in different ways: Ultimate Reality, First Principles, Miracle Power, Metaphysical Power, Divine Mind, Cosmic Mind, God, Faith, Intuition. In the 20th century some call it Energy, Astral Projections, Precognition, Inner Space.

Metaphysics answers questions that the physical cannot answer. That is why each is useful in a different way. Norvell shows how metaphysics can work for you!

How To Command Your Astral Body To Bring You Ever Increasing Abundance

Why am I so positive this technique will work for you? Because it has worked for thousands of other men and women in all walks of life — and is working for them right now! People like . . .

June C., a secretary who had been working for the same firm for three years and thought she deserved a raise in salary. But her boss was the grouchy, penny-pinching type. So after learning the Metaphysical Command for projecting her Astral Body, she mentally projected her mind into her boss's mind, and stated: "June deserves a raise. You will give her a raise of ten dollars a week."

A short time later, her boss called her into his office. There was a strange expression on his face and he said: 'I don't know why I'm doing this, but I feel you deserve a ten dollar raise in salary!"

A lady who had a 17-year-old daughter, came to one of my lectures at Carnegie Hall. She was a widow, and though she had worked hard to bring up her daughter, they never had more than just enough to get along. After this lady learned the Metphysical Command for controlling her Astral Body, she bought a sweepstakes ticket. By maintaining an "astral grip" on this ticket, she caused her number to be chosen — and won a grand total of $144,000!

In my files I have hundreds of such instances of men and women who have used this metaphysical principle and who have attracted sums of money ranging *from ten thousand dollars to inheritances of a quarter of a million!*

How Metaphysical Healing Can Add Years To Your Life—Make You Look And Feel Years Younger!

If you want to *remain healthy,* vigorous and strong, my book shows you exactly how to draw upon your Astral Body for its wonderful healing energy, *through Metaphysical Command!*

You'll see how a woman who had developed violent attacks of hay fever and asthma was healed. How a man with an ulcer had a miraculous healing. How a woman who suffered from crippling arthritis for twenty years, used these Metaphysical Commands — and her arthritis completely disappeared! How a man with sugar diabetes who had to take daily shots of insulin, commanded this Astral power to himself and was healed, so that he could discontinue the injections entirely.

The secret? *Metaphysical Healing,* the same technique revealed to you now in the pages of my new book.

Win Astounding Control Over Other People!

There is no limit to the things you can do with Metaphysical Command of your Astral Body. For example, a lady who came to one of my lectures complained that her husband nagged and abused her constantly. She could hardly stand being in his presence because of his constant criticism. I showed this woman the Metaphysical Commands for blending her mind with his, to dictate thoughts of love to him — and days later she came back to tell me with joy how her husband had been transformed into a peaceful understanding man!

Impossible? Hardly. For it happens again and again.

All Yours To Prove—For 30 Days—

You owe it to yourself to try it! How can you lose? Why not send in the No-Risk Coupon — TODAY!

Very truly yours,

Anthony Norvell *Anthony Norvell*

MEET THE AUTHOR

Anthony Norvell is a world-famous psychic investigator, known to thousands (through his books and articles) for his amazing discoveries in the realm of the occult. Here, for the first time, he presents the sum total of his investigations in the secrets of ancient India, China, Tibet and Greece.

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Gentlemen: Please rush me a copy of METAPHYSICS: *New Dimension of the Mind* by Anthony Norvell! I understand the book is mine for only $8.98 I may examine it a full 30 days at your risk or money back.

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MAIL ROUNDUP

Tell It To RW, Charlton Building, Derby, Connecticut

IN MEMORIAM

Dear Editor,

From a dear friend, David Grossblatt of Dallas, Texas comes some very sad and distressing news.

Ramon F. Adams has made a silent crossing over the Dark River — and has departed on his last great ride.

The end came quickly, a stroke on Wednesday morning, and he died Thursday, April 29th in a Dallas Hospital. Ramon Frederick Adams was 86 years young.

To those of us who have been fortunate enough to have been exposed to his charismatic influence we can consider ourselves blessed. He was one of the great giants in our field, having written 24 books about the old west. He started by writing free-lance westerns for various magazines throughout the country. Adams won several awards for his books on Western History, including the Friends of the Dallas Public Library $500 award.

He wrote "Burs Under the Saddle" and at the time of his death was just completing "More Burs Under the Saddle" and was waiting for this author's book to come out so that he could include it in his final chapter, when death took him.

Now he resides with immortals in paradise.

Ramon F. Adams was a Western slang specialist as well as a Texana bibliophile. His books usually criticized other historians whom Ramon thought got off the beaten trail of fact.

In his last letter to me, he wrote: "Perhaps, I'm being too critical, but it burns me up to read so much so-called history being written by would-be historians when they know so little of their subject."

Ramon F. Adams was a philanthropist of the highest order, and will be especially missed by those of us who make a living by stringing words together. His advice will be missed, his criticisms will be missed, and his poignant and newsworthy articles will be missed. But not near as much as the man himself will be missed.

Few men were ever so gifted by the gods.

He combined formidable scholarly qualifications with a skill unmatched to make his books both an education and a pleasure to read.

A historian has to have a reason to write, whether it's for money, exposure, or artistic fulfillment. Ramon Adams got involved for sheer love.

Now he has been promoted to a better post, and only WE are the losers.

It is sad that he has left us — for now we have lost our light.

Regretfully,
Bill Kelly,

SURFACE MINING REVISITED

Dear Editor,

Your July issue carries two letters reportedly appearing in a Fresno Calif, newspaper relative to HR 3485 introduced by Patsy Mink of Hawaii. I obtained a copy of HR 3485 and Mrs. Mink's name was not among the 25 Congressmen introducing this bill pertaining to the Public Health Service and Huntington's disease. Another call to my congressman resulted in receipt of HR 9800 which is the bill concerning surface mining that the readers obviously had in mind.

I carefully studied all 173 pages of this document, and I think it's a pretty darn good bill. With the exception of three pages, it deals with coal mining (primarily surface or strip mining) and the reclamation and revegetation of the land following mining operations. There are a few stipulations pertinent to underground mining of coal, and the ecological and safety factors which should be governed.

Section 101 (g) does state that: "While there is a need to regulate surface mining operations for minerals other than coal, more date and analyses are needed to serve as a basis for effective and reasonable regulations of such operations."

This section is probably a good idea too; the devastated areas of Kentucky and West Virginia we normally think of in conjunction with strip mines certainly aren't the only ones. Kennicott and Anaconda haven't really done too much for the environment with their huge open-pit mines in Montana, Arizona and Utah. Perhaps some land repairs are in order after copper mining, too.

Section 601 is entitled "ABLE FOR NON-COAL MINING" 'Designation Procedures'; this is the only portion of this entire bill that would possibly have any effect on the average citizen, and I'm sure no one plans to open a mining operation in a residential area anyway.

I sincerely hope that you will encourage your readers to obtain a copy of this bill HR 9800 and read it. It would enlighten many readers, I'm sure. It's good to call legislation to the attention of the public, but I wonder if those two writers to the Fresno paper bothered to read the bill.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Joyce Marker
Boise, Idaho 83702

A PREVIOUS DEBUNKING

Dear Editor,

A letter written by Joseph G. Rosa of Ruislip, Middlesex, England appeared in Real West's "Mail Roundup" for July, 1976.

Mr. Rosa made some rather pompous statements in regard to debunking the Buntline Special. I am surprised you did not take the opportunity to point out — for Mr. Rosa's edification — that he is a little late. The Buntline Special was demythologized in article written by me and published in the June, 1973 issue of Real West!

Mr. Rosa recommends an upcoming issue of the Kansas State Historical Society's Quarterly for a "detailed and factual destruction of the Buntline myth written by William B. Shillingberg." I look forward to seeing that piece. *Being a life member of that fine society I* am well aware of the excellence of their publications; however, I think Real West strains the concept of modesty by not mentioning that it carried an article titled, "The Myth of the Buntline Special."

Yours sincerely,
George Hart

DOES ANYONE KNOW OF...

Dear Editor,

I've just gotten a copy of your REAL WEST magazine and I truly like the material in it. It is your May copy. I read the article about the Needham family, where Hugh and Julia lived in Coleman, and about Camp Colorado and our recreational facilities. I was born and raised here in Coleman, and I would like to know more about Coleman's past history. If anyone, or if you know about any gunslingers, outlaws, or any other figure who made up the old west and lived here in Coleman, please let me know.

Also, if you or anyone knows about any western figure with the last name Ray, I may

(continued on page 57)

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"I Have Found The Secret Of Perfect Living! 'Magic Switch-Words' Said To Bring Money, Relieve Pain, Restore Youth, and Do Anything Else Automatically!"

says JAMES T. MANGAN, Noted Para-Psychologist

Dear Friend:

What would it be worth to you to be able to utter a single word which would instantly cause any pain to vanish? Or say another word, and immediately recover some lost object? Or invoke still another magic switch-word, and gain money and new prosperity?

Would it surprise you to learn that there *are* such words, and that all you need do to make one work for you is to say it, relax, and wait for the desired result?

It took me 40 years of research, and thousands of experiments, to find these words. As the decades flew by, I investigated one new theory after another; delved deeply into thought transference, psychokinesis and other phases of parapsychology; worked and counseled . . . probed the mystic depths of religion. And at last I found them—magic switch-words that actually work!

At first I couldn't believe it. And yet, using my program, I *saw* people use these magic switch-words, and I saw them work. I've used them myself, and I *know* they work. Words that can . . .

• Keep you forever young! • Make you beautiful or handsome! • Read the future! • Dispel aches or pains in any part of the body! • Build a fortune! • Achieve glowing health! • Be a permanently happy person, invulnerable to any upset or setback.

This is the secret of perfect living — magic switch-words, like push buttons, ready to deliver any desire or eliminate any distress. With them, you can do anything.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE AGES!

Early in 1951, after years of research, a stirring inside me seemed to presage a great new discovery. I had just finished a year-long study of space and its nature and was proceeding to an investigation of the speed of light when . . .

At the instant of noon, Sunday, March 10, 1951, a WORD fell out of the sky into my arms. I hugged it to my bosom and embraced it as a *sign*, a breakthrough from the divine realm, a super-inspiration. The word seemed alive and like a living spirit . . .

I began saying it to myself quietly, easily, without command. Every time I said the word, a remarkable reaction took place. The word seemed to touch off a deep, prolonged sigh . . . I could feel gushes of tensions leave me.

HEAVEN ON EARTH!

There followed what was for me the happiest week I have ever lived. I felt a mysterious aura around me . . . I was living perfectly.

As one perfect day followed another, the revelation came to me that this actually was heaven on earth!

MANY WORDS DISCOVERED!

What I did not realize at the time, but what my subsequent researches revealed, was that I had accidently stumbled on *THE MASTER WORD* that controls all inner powers . . . and that there are actually many such magic words, one for virtually every power, every desire! And they work!

I then put myself to the task of listing these words, and testing them to see if they'd work for other people. The results were *astounding*! I then put these results, together with the words themselves, and the technique for using them, in a book which I called THE SECRET OF PERFECT LIVING. You'll find full details of what my book contains on this page!

Discover the new, beautiful life it offers you. This value-packed book is sold *nowhere else than through this ad alone*! So, why not send for it—profit from it—*today*!

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TRY THESE MAGIC SWITCH-WORDS

Listed below are some of the Switch-Words you'll find in this book which, according to Mr. Mangan, "have worked near miracles in hundreds upon hundreds of cases."

For example! *The Magic Switch-Words* to stay and look young . . . to win in a competitive game . . . to display pep and sudden energy . . . anything you wish . . . to find lost or misplaced articles . . . to prevent a person from annoying you . . . to maintain good health . . . to relieve constipation . . . to turn on personality . . . to acquire a skill . . . to dispel pain in part of body . . . to make money or even build a fortune . . . to preserve personal safety . . . to convert another to your beliefs . . . to make yourself handsome or beautiful . . . to learn a secret . . . to improve your mental telepathy . . . to read the future . . . to work miracles . . . to be soothing to others . . . to complete a lot of detailed work . . . to sleep . . . to make your children obedient . . .

MR. MANGAN'S OWN CASE HISTORIES!

Beat an Eye Operation by Two Months A 40-year-old man was troubled with a growth on his eyelid. The specialist said it could not be treated for two months. Yet the lid was beginning to droop with the weight. A friend told him the magic word for healing. He said it—and the growth healed after three days!

Man Makes $20,000 Extra in One Year One skeptic told a friend that this method was a lot of hooey. Asked what he most wanted out of life, he replied, "Money, of course." He was told the magic word for receiving money. Thinking, "What can I lose?" he tried it. That year he made $20,000 more than his regular income!

Gout Pain Relieved From a pipefitter: "An excruciating stab of pain hit my big toe and I suddenly feared I was about to learn the agony of gout. But I said the magic word for relieving pain—and the pain left in a second."

He Cures Himself of Hay Fever A hay fever victim, with a history of 25 years of seasonal agony, applied himself to this experiment. *It worked.* From the very first time he said the magic word for healing, he never experienced another acute attack . . . and for seven years he has been COMPLETELY CURED OF HAY FEVER," says Mangan on page 84.

YOU'LL DISCOVER MAGIC SWITCH-WORDS LIKE PUSH BUTTONS!

HOW TO FIND LOST ARTICLES You'll find this word on Page 72. Just keep in mind what you want to find. Then say this word and relax. "Suddenly you find yourself moving in a strange way to a strange place" says Mr. Mangan. "Lo and behold! Almost immediately the lost article appears right in front of you!"

THE WORD THAT RELIEVES PAIN "Remain as skeptical as you want about the ability of a single word to switch on an 'unseen personal machine'. . . a 'machine' in your subterranean factory expressly designed to relieve you of *pain*," says Mr. Mangan. To chase away a pain, state it formally and clearly to yourself (for example, "I have a headache and I want to get rid of it at once!") Then state the word on page 81.

A MAGIC WORD TO TAKE YOU PLACES How often have you found yourself in a situation where you need transportation immediately. You have no car. There is no bus in sight. No telephone. What would you give to utter a single word and have a friendly person appear and offer to take you to your destination? Sound impossible? Don't be too sure. "Too many incidents have happened all over the country," says Mr. Mangan, "to dispute the power of the switch-word when a dire need for transportation presents itself."

GETTING OLD TOO FAST? "After middle age, we are conscious of getting older," says Mr. Mangan. "To save your essential youth, no matter what the chronological facts are, switch on your youth-saving machine with one word!" (See page 140.) And he goes on to say, on page 167, that this very same, "magic switch-word" will help you "stay young and look young *immediately*!"

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ASSINIBOINE ARTIST WILLIAM STANDING

by Helen Clark

From an Original Etching by William Standing, Noted Indian Artist

Artist William Standing in front of his easel. This picture was taken early in his career. The photographer of same is unknown. Bill always wore cowboy attire, and was in fact a capable cowboy.

William Standing, full-blood Assiniboine Indian artist, was born at Oswego, Montana, in 1904. He met his untimely death at the age of 47 in a car accident, out of Zortman. In those short years, Standing established himself as one of the most promising native American artists of the West. How great his stature, the future alone will determine.

Critics throughout his native state mourn his passing, decrying the unfulfilled years of promise which might have stretched ahead of him.

Handsome, energetic and affable, Bill Standing worked as the spirit moved him. He loved to paint and sketch, but he was not, according to his gracious wife, Nancy, one who cared to punch the clock. There is the saying that "time means nothing to an Indian." At any rate, Bill never made a god of work. Yet his productions, even when created in leisurely fashion, were creditable, and since his death in 1951, his oils, water colors and pen sketches are greatly sought by art collectors.

Bill's subjects were those dear to the heart of an Indian — the buffalo at a water hole or in wallows, or in a stampede prompted by Sioux or Crow or Assiniboine Indians fast in pursuit; the regal elk; the shaggy - maned, long-tailed mustangs in bunch grass and prairie fodder; the lonely log-cabin dwelling of the first American, his wagon, tepee poles and frame of a sweat-bath house in the background. Dark purple prairie scenes with a white moon riding the sky were favorites with Bill, who captured superbly the haunting feeling of loneliness and stillness.

It was a compulsion of body and soul that made Bill paint, an urge he could never deny since childhood, when he stole the colored crayons he could find at school to bring home for his industry. That compulsion still drove him while a student at Haskell, bringing an abrupt conclusion to his four years of tenure there when his teachers decided he yearned to do nothing else but paint and sketch.

Like the poet Vachel Lindsay, Bill

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roamed across the country, trading his paintings for a meal or two, a night's lodging, or the warmth of a hearthstone. And isolated families throughout Montana today boast his originals, as do many barkeepers, for William's conviviality and love of people drew him to the saloons of the West, which are the business centers and transacting places of many ranchers, cowboys and sheepmen. These were people who could understand and appreciate Bill's subjects.

Standing's mother was a Canadian Sioux, and it was her name of Fire Bear that Bill used for his Indian name. His father was Standing Rattle, and his name in the white man's world was Stephen Standing. He was a direct descendant of The Light, whom Catlin painted; The Light was the first ambassador of the Assiniboine to visit the nation's capital, making the trip from Fort Union in 1831-32. When he came back to his people and told them what he saw and did, they thought he made it up, and he was subject to great ridicule by them. But Bill's ability probably came from his mother's side of the family, for her brother, Lance, was a medicine - lodge painter.

"I like to be what is called an independent artist and draw and paint what I see," Standing was often quoted as saying. "When I was little, my mother felt the need to discipline me, so she drew the face of an evil spirit on the bottom of a pan and set it in the corner of the room to frighten me so that I would behave. I found some wood ashes, and I drew a more kindly face."

During the depression years, Standing did one hundred illustrations for a book, *Land of Nakoda*, under the able direction of Frank L. Stevens. He was proven capable with pen and ink, water colors and oils. His art was displayed in Paris, London, Chicago, New York and in the West.

Fire Bear is gone, but he leaves behind proof of his talents. He lies buried out of Poplar, not far from Oswego in the country he loved. ● **RW**

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JOHN LEPLEY
Montana Pioneer

by Rex Bundy

Success has many components: ambition, perseverance, hard work, to name a few. The main ingredient of John Lepley's success was the ability to see a situation that others didn't, and to capitalize on it.

-Lepley Collection, Western Historical Research Associates.

"Big" John Lepley, 1890s.

Every individual has a place to fill in the world, although at the age of sixteen a person is very unsure of what that place will be, or its exact site. This was the case with young John Lepley in the year 1852, when, accompanied by his brother, Charles, and his sister, Caroline, the three left their home and parents in the province of Wurtemburg, Germany, for the United States.

For anyone, regardless of age, to migrate to a strange land where customs differ and the prevailing language has to be learned in a difficult manner requires a great deal of courage, hope and determination. The fact young John was accompanied by his older brother and his older sister did not mitigate the circumstances in the slightest as they, too, had the same difficulties to overcome.

For a time, after their arrival in the new land, the three worked at odd jobs in the German settlements of New York state. This allowed them the opportunity to assimilate some of the customs of their newly adopted land and also acquaint themselves with the new language. Their task was eased due to their friends among the German people who had been in the United States for some time. They were eager to help all newcomers with the customary German courtesy and consideration. Then, too, they told the Lepleys of the fabulous land to be had in the West, all of it practically for the taking; it was not long before Charles, Caroline and John were caught up in the westward movement of this nation.

The adventurous threesome removed to the German settlements in northwest Illinois, where Charles and Caroline formed deep friendships that resulted in marriage. Oddly enough, Charles married a girl with the same name as his sister — a girl named Caroline Sophia Albert. Caroline Lepley lost her heart to a German boy, George Keiser, and the two were married after the family moved to Iowa.

It seemed, though, the westward movement made by the three Lepleys developed a "fiddle-footedness" in

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young John. He was not so sure he wanted to settle in the Midwest, for he had that unknown quantity which makes the young search and seek for bigger and better things — more excitement and more novel experiences — and which only develops because they are young and things happen to the young; if not, young people make them happen. So, to sate this unexplained urge, John Lepley went to work on the Mississippi River steamboats. It is not certain just what he did on the steamboats, but most assuredly he was not a roustabout. Slaves could be purchased for that type of work. The only pay the owner had to put out was to feed them, give their heads a pat, cover their pratts and put them to work.

The outbreak of the Civil War found Lepley working the lower Mississippi and some of its tributaries. He was either drafted or coerced into the Confederate Army. As all his friends, with the exception of a very few, lived in the north and were hostile to the southern cause, he could not see his way clear to fight for the Confederacy. At the first opportunity he deserted, made his way north and joined a wagon train for the Pikes Peak region of Colorado.

The trip across the Plains was no different from thousands of accounts that have been related. John hired out to drive a team and stood his regular guards as did the other men of the train. Nothing of too great an interest occurred, except John saw his first buffalo as well as his first glimpse of the grasslands that would furnish the basis for his future although unknown to him at the time.

Lepley worked in the mines in the Pikes Peak region for two years. He was forced to work for others, as everything in the country that showed colors was staked and had men working the claims. Many of the claims did not return wages to the operators, but John managed to keep body and soul together by working for wages although there were many times when he could not collect what he had coming.

Lepley Collection, Western Historical Research Associates.

John Lepley.

Lepley Collection, Western Historical Research Associates.

The Big Sag Ranchhouse, headquarters for the JL brand.

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Lepley Collection, Western Historical Research Associates.

John Lepley and one of the creeks named in his honor.

It was one of these times that John Lepley went after fresh meat, and the story has been told by Charles M. Russell, Montana's famous artist. It is told in his inimitable style and vernacular.

"Old Man Lepley tells me about a bear he was near enough to shake hands with one time but they don't get acquainted. He's been living on hog side till he's near starved. So, one day he saddles up and starts prowling for something fresh. There's lots of blacktail (deer) in the country but they been hunted till they're shy, so after riding a while without seeing nothin' he thinks he'll have better luck afoot. So, the first park he hits, he stakes his hoss. It's an old beaver meadow with bluejoint to his cayuse's knees and about the center, like it's put there for him, is a dead cottonwood snag handy to stake his hoss to.

After leaving the park he ain't gone a quarter of a mile till he notices the taller branches of a chokecherry bush movin'. There's no wind and Lepley knows that bush don't move without something pushing it so naturally he's curious. 'Tain't long till he heap savvys. It's a big silvertip grizzly and he's sure busy berrying. There's lots of meat here and bear grease is better'n any boughten lard. So Lepley pulls down on him, aimin' for his heart. Mr. Bear bites where the ball hits. It makes him damn disagreeable — he starts a-bawlin' and a-comin'.

As I said before, there ain't no wind. It's the smoke from his gun hovering over Lepley that tips the bear off where he's hiding. He's packing a Sharp's carbine an' he ain't got time to reload, so he turns this bear hunt into a foot race. It's a good one, but, it looks like the man'll take second money. When he reaches the park his hoss has grazed to the near end. Lepley don't stop to bridle, but leaps for the saddle.

About this time the hoss sees what's hurrying the rider. One look's enough. In two jumps, he's givin' the best he's got. Suddenly something happens. Lepley can't tell whether it's an earthquake or a cyclone, but everything went out from under him and he's sailing off but flyin' mighty low, then uses his face for a roughlock and stops agin some bushes. When he wakes up he don't hear harps nor smell smoke. It ain't till then he remembers he don't untie his rope. The snag had snapped off and his hoss is trying to drag it out of the country and Mr. Bear, by the sound of breaking brush, is hunting a new range and it won't be anywhere near where they met.

When his hoss hits the end of the rope that old snag snaps and the branches scatter all over the park. I guess Mr. Bear thinks the hoss turned on him. Maybe some of them big limbs bounced off him and he thinks the hoss has friends and they're throwin' clubs at him. Anyhow, Mr. Bear give the fight to Lepley and the hoss.

Lepley says that for months he has to walk that old hoss a hundred yards before he can spur him to a lope and that you could stake him to a hairpin and he'd stay put." ****

In an incident recorded by John Lepley, about his early Colorado gold days, he stated that when gold was found it was mostly nuggets which were called "lumps" by the miners. And whenever a lucky person found a "lump," it was not uncommon for numerous less fortunate persons to hasten to his diggings to congratulate him and get a look at the nugget. Usually they also endeavored to get him to sell part of his claim or work it on shares.

So it can be imagined the stir that was caused when some fellow reported that young Jim Madsen had taken out a 12-pound "lump." The fact was, Madsen's wife had presented him with a son and heir, although this was not mentioned by the man who started the rumor.

This caused an influx of miners to converge on Jim's claim to the embarrassment of his wife, although she liked a joke as well as the next, and the following was overheard by John Lepley, who was also curious about Madsen's 12-pound "lump." Two strangers were at the cabin when John arrived, but only Mrs. Madsen was at home.

"We were told your husband has taken out a 12-pound 'lump,'" one of them said.

"You were correctly informed,"

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replied Mrs. Madsen, who saw at once they were quite serious and sincere, having been deceived by the rumor.

"Is he working the claim alone?" was the next question.

To this Mrs. Madsen replied that he very definitely was and added with able assistance supplied by herself.

"Oh, then the spot from which he took the 'lump' is not far from here?"

"No, it is quite near," she replied.

"Can we see it?" they asked eagerly.

Things were, with that question, getting a little out of hand, but Mrs. Madsen, having started something, was not about to back up.

"Oh, no, I couldn't think of showing it to you," she replied.

"Then it is a secret place?"

"Quite private, I assure you."

"How long has he been digging in it?" was the next question, and Mrs. Madsen, being committed, had no choice but to go along, so she replied, "A little over a year."

"Did anyone dig there before him?" was the next question, and with a blush Mrs. Madsen answered, "NO, indeed!"

"Do you think he would sell part of his claim?"

"I'm positive he wouldn't," was her quick reply.

"Would he work it on shares?"

"Heavens no," was her answer.

"Does he still have the 'lump'?"

"Oh, yes," replied Mrs. Madsen gratefully as the questions were getting out of hand, so she trotted into the cabin and returned with the baby.

The two strangers stood for a second in shock, then one screeched and both men took off down the draw as fast as they could travel. When Jim Madsen was told about it, his only remarks were that he was sure those two would bust down the timber clear to the other side of Pikes Peak and not stop until they hit the Pacific Ocean.

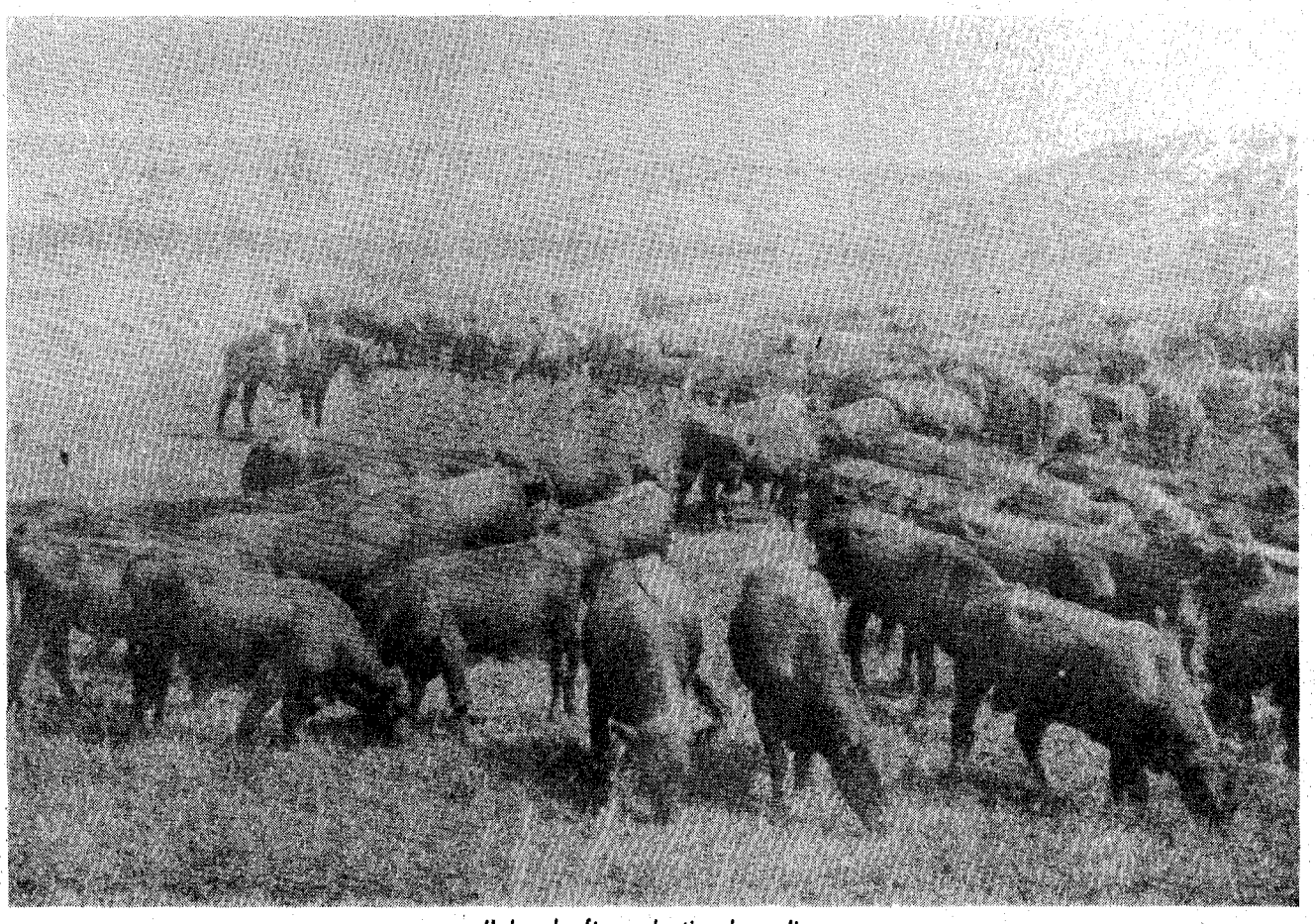
When the news of the gold discoveries in Montana reached the Pikes Peak diggings, there was an exodus of men. They traveled north in any manner they could. Some on foot, others on horseback, some by mule teams and others by ox-team. Among these men were John Lepley and a good friend of his, John Day. The two men hired out to drive ox-teams to the new gold diggings, and upon their arrival at Bannack, Montana Territory, in the late summer of 1863, they were forced to take their wages in the form of four milk cows.

Bannack was the center of the famous "Grasshopper Diggings" situated on Grasshopper Creek which had been discovered by John White in July of 1862. Why John Lepley stopped here is not known, as the more famous Alder Gulch diggings had been discovered in May of 1863, and at the time of his arrival Bannack was in full swing. It could have been that he became acquainted with some of the old-timers in Bannack who had faith in the place and were sure it would be, eventually, the richest spot on earth. And it also could have been on account of his herd — the four milk cows that belonged to him and his partner, John Day — as these cows were to form the nucleus of his dairy herd.

Lepley spent nearly a year at Bannack, selling milk, cream and butter to the miners. He also did some mining and with his partner, John Day, had mining claims, plus interests in others. Then came the discovery of gold at Last Chance Gulch.

The two men decided they could make more money with their dairy herd at the new strike and, if they traveled fast, could stake some of the good ground before it was taken by others. John Day, with this in mind, rode ahead to stake claims for both men, while John Lepley brought their dairy herd.

Day was only able to stake one claim on Silver Creek, and in the early fall of 1864, John Lepley ar-



Lepley Collection, Western Historical Research Associates.

JL herd after selective breeding.

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rived with their herd, and the two men became pioneer miners of that district.

John Day, however, was not too satisfied with the claim they worked. And the work connected with the selling of milk, cream and butter did not appeal to his adventuresome nature. "Juicing cows" was not his idea of a very rapid means of making a fortune. So, in the fall of 1865, John Day decided he wanted to see the other side of the mountains and rode off to become a legend — the legend of the Lost John Day Mine, also called the Lost Keyes Mine and known by various other names.

John Day found a very rich mine and took some of the samples to Fort Benton. He wrote his partner, John Lepley, and urged him to come to Fort Benton, but Lepley made the correct choice. He stayed where he was. He lived. John Day was killed by Indians and never benefited from his rich mine.

For the next eight years Lepley was engaged at mining in and around the Last Chance mining district. His dirty herd was growing and furnishing him additional money, and during his travels through the country, he became impressed with the abundance of graze that no one, in their mad rush for gold, seemed to even notice. The abundant graze was especially true of the Prickly Pear Valley, and despite its name, it offered a golden opportunity for farming and stock raising. So, in 1872, Lepley "squatted" on a piece of land north of what is now Helena, Montana, and bought a small bunch of cattle to augment his herd.

For a brand he took his own initials (JL) which were branded on the left hip of each cow, and he had it recorded the following year, 1873.

In 1876, a fateful year in Montana history due to the Custer debacle, Lepley sold out and left the Prickly Pear Valley. He relocated at Rocky Gap, a few miles north of what is now the town of Cascade, Montana. In the three years he had spent in the Prickly Pear country, he had accumulated a considerable herd of cattle for that day and age, and the herd included some very good milk cows. So he established another dairy and received a contract from the Army to furnish milk, cream and butter for the soldiers stationed at nearby Fort Shaw.

John Lepley was now an established man in Montana Territory and by the standards of that day — a rich one. He could now indulge in some of the things that had been postponed for years, and the most important to him was a visit with his brother, Charles, and his sister, Caroline, in the States. With this in mind, he left his herd and dairy in charge of C. H. Austin. Lepley rode to Fort Benton, the head of navigation on the Missouri River, with the intentions of taking a steamboat to the States. None were there; it was too late in the season, so he left Fort Benton in a *rowboat* accompanied by Charles E. Conrad, who later loomed large in Montana history. Both men were sure they could contact a steamboat at Cow Island, and if not there, at least at Fort Peck. Unfortunately, all the steamboats had gone down river for the season, and Lepley and his companion made the entire trip in their little rowboat.

When asked why they didn't winter at Fort Peck or Fort Union, John asked, "Why?

"It was much easier to row with the current than to try to go back to Benton, and we didn't think it too smart to try to go by land, not with the Indians stirred up the way they were that year. It would have been like sticking our heads in a hornet's nest. Besides, we had started for the States and we had the river to ourselves, a broad, open highway."

It is a shame no record was kept of this boat trip that ended in the vicinity of Sioux City, Iowa. The only thing that can be assumed was the men had blisters on their hands, and hams, before the trip ended.

Lepley remained in Iowa until the spring of 1877, when he returned to his ranch at Rocky Gap. He was accompanied by his niece, Carrie, who took care of his home until her marriage to Louis Heitman.

Lepley never married and gave no reason for his bachelorhood. At least he was more diplomatic than another Montana pioneer who gave the reason for his remaining a bachelor to the fact he couldn't stand a woman's cooking!

Lepley continued his dairy business at Rocky Gap until 1879. During the years he remained here, he added to his beef herd, and in that same year, 1879, he located permanently on what is now known as the Shonkin range. He took up a homestead in what is still known as the "Big Sag" on Arrow Creek about 25 miles southwest of Fort Benton, Montana, and the tax records show that in the year of his move, he paid taxes on 1,350 head of cattle.

There were not many cattle on the Shonkin range the year Lepley established his ranch. And after getting settled, he started to improve his herd by buying blooded bulls. This, and the fact that range conditions remained good for a number of years, soon led to John Lepley being classed among the cattle kings of Montana Territory.

It was not all sunshine and gravy, however. Dry summers, hard winters, predatory animals — two-legged and four — caused heavy losses. The bands of Piegan Indians used the Shonkin area as a thoroughfare in the annual migration to the Judith River Valley for berrying and buffalo hunting. With their taking ways, they were not above killing a few of Lepley's cattle to replenish their larders. They also raised havoc with the horse herds, if given half a chance. Then, too, as the buffalo became scarce, the Indians became bolder and took more cattle.

They didn't run the cattle off, merely butchered them on the range as they did when fortunate enough to find buffalo. And they were not above killing a stray cowboy. In 1884 Bill Jones, a Shonkin range rider, was shot off his horse and killed by two Indians he caught skinning out a cow they had killed. Jones' partner stayed only long enough to make sure Jones was dead, then took off as fast as horseflesh would carry him. The killers were never found, although numerous Indians were questioned.

It is remarkable that more white men were not killed that same year, 1884, as that was the year known to the Piegan as the "Starvation Winter," brought on by an unscrupulous Indian Agent. Also directly responsible was the slaughter of the Indian's commissary — the buffalo.

John Lepley, however, did not condone the killing of white men, although he did furnish many cattle to the starving Piegan tribe. He was realistic. Better to give the animals, when the ocassion demanded, and thus retain some semblance of friendship. This method seemed to work well as Lepley's herds were never raided as heavily as those of other ranchers. Then, too, his belief the Indian was a man — not an animal — caused considerable consternation among his rancher friends. And in the face of many shouted imprecations, he maintained his belief, for John Lepley was a stubborn man where principles were concerned.

Much has been written concerning the Montana winter of 1886-1887, when cattle died by the thousands.

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John Lepley was another rancher who experienced the loss entailed in that infamous year, but not to the extent other ranchers suffered. He had lost no time in revising his operating methods prior to the winter of 1886-1887, and he came out of that winter in much better shape than his contemporaries.

With his nephew and other members of his family, he had expanded his acreage. His relatives homesteaded land adjoining his original homestead. They bought land from others and eventually had 3000 acres of good bottom land that would, and did, supply heavy yields of hay. For graze, he leased land from the government and individuals.

Although John Lepley did not count his cattle in the many thousands, he also did not gain his reputation through bombastic verbosity as many of the so-called "founding fathers" of Montana. He gained his reputation by hard work and adherence to the principles he believed in. As testimonial to this fact, he was elected president of the Shonkin Stock Association the second year of its existence, a position he held for the following six years until A. W. Kingsbury took over in 1888.

All during his life in the West, Lepley had numerous confrontations with bears, mostly grizzlies. And he seemed to develop an affinity for them and humorous situations. Unfortunately, only two of these confrontations are recorded. One has been included in this story, but there is another that shows something of the character of John Lepley — there are not many men who would poke fun at themselves.

With the acquiring of affluence, Lepley visited New York many times and became acquainted with many prominent men. Montana, at that time, was a wonderland to the people of the East. Lepley's stories of brushes with the Indians, fights with large grizzly bears, and the immense herds of buffalo titillated their imaginations. Many of the men he talked to were eager for a trip to the wild and woolly West to bag some of the game described by Mr. Lepley. Several of these pilgrims, at the urging of Lepley, decided to make a trip to Fort Benton, and on the steamboat ride up the Missouri River, they saw so much game on the banks, they were nearly frantic to reach their destination and get a chance at anything with their rifles.

At Lepley's ranch, the party was equipped for a stay in the Highwood

Lepley Collection, Western Historical Research Associates.

Early days of the JL herd.

Mountains, then a hunter's paradise. And on their way to the mountains, they killed a jack rabbit or two, plus a few prairie chickens, but little things like that did not satisfy the bloodthirsty nimrods. Everyone in the party had promised his wife a bear skin rug and several had promised to bring back the same for some of their friends.

They camped the first day at the mouth of Shonkin Creek, and bright and early the next morning they started the chase. The party reached a small park in the valley where the stream leaves the mountains, and in this park were a number of small cottonwood trees not more than ten or twelve feet tall and approximately three inches at the base. A little further upstream was a clump of willows, and while having a parley as to which way to go, the hunters were distracted by the gutteral growl of a bear — a usual happening when a grizzly is disturbed.

Before we proceed, however, the reader should be informed that Mr. Lepley was a large man, weighing 275 pounds at the time.

Upon hearing the growl, the mighty hunters strained their eyes in the direction from which it came, and before anyone realized what was happening, a large grizzly came gallumping towards them. With one accord, each hunter threw away his rifle and other impediments, and took off like a cat shot in the pratt with a bootjack.

John Lepley was disgusted at their lack of nerve and presence of mind. He ran towards a small cottonwood tree and commenced to climb, all the time shouting to his hunting companions:

"Climb a tree! Climb a tree! Don't you see what I'm doing? Climb a tree!"

The grizzly, evidently spurred on by the shouts of Mr. Lepley, disappeared rapidly downstream. When he was out of sight, the hunters returned to hold a council of war to determine an honorable retreat and save face. It can be imagined at their surprise to find Mr. Lepley still clinging to the little cottonwood tree while sitting squarely on the ground, a position he had held throughout the whole episode.

He explained it afterwards that in his excitement he did not think of the small size of the tree and imagined he had climbed to a sufficient height to secure immunity from the bear's attack.

After this one confrontation, the Easterners decided it was safer to purchase bear skins in Fort Benton, and they bought a large supply before returning home. It would be interesting to know the stories they told concerning the skins that adorned the floors of their mansions.

John Lepley died January 20, 1900, at his Big Sag Ranch. He left a legacy of goodwill among his neighbors and friends that was as great as the monetary value left his relatives.

His body was returned to Manchester, Iowa, and buried in the Lepley plot by his grateful and loving nephews and nieces. So ended the life of a little known man who developed a fortune through hard work, adherence to principles, and the ability to laugh at himself. ● **RW**

**** from *Trails Plowed Under* by Charles M. Russell. Copyright 1927 by Doubleday and Company, Inc. Reprinted by permission of the publisher.

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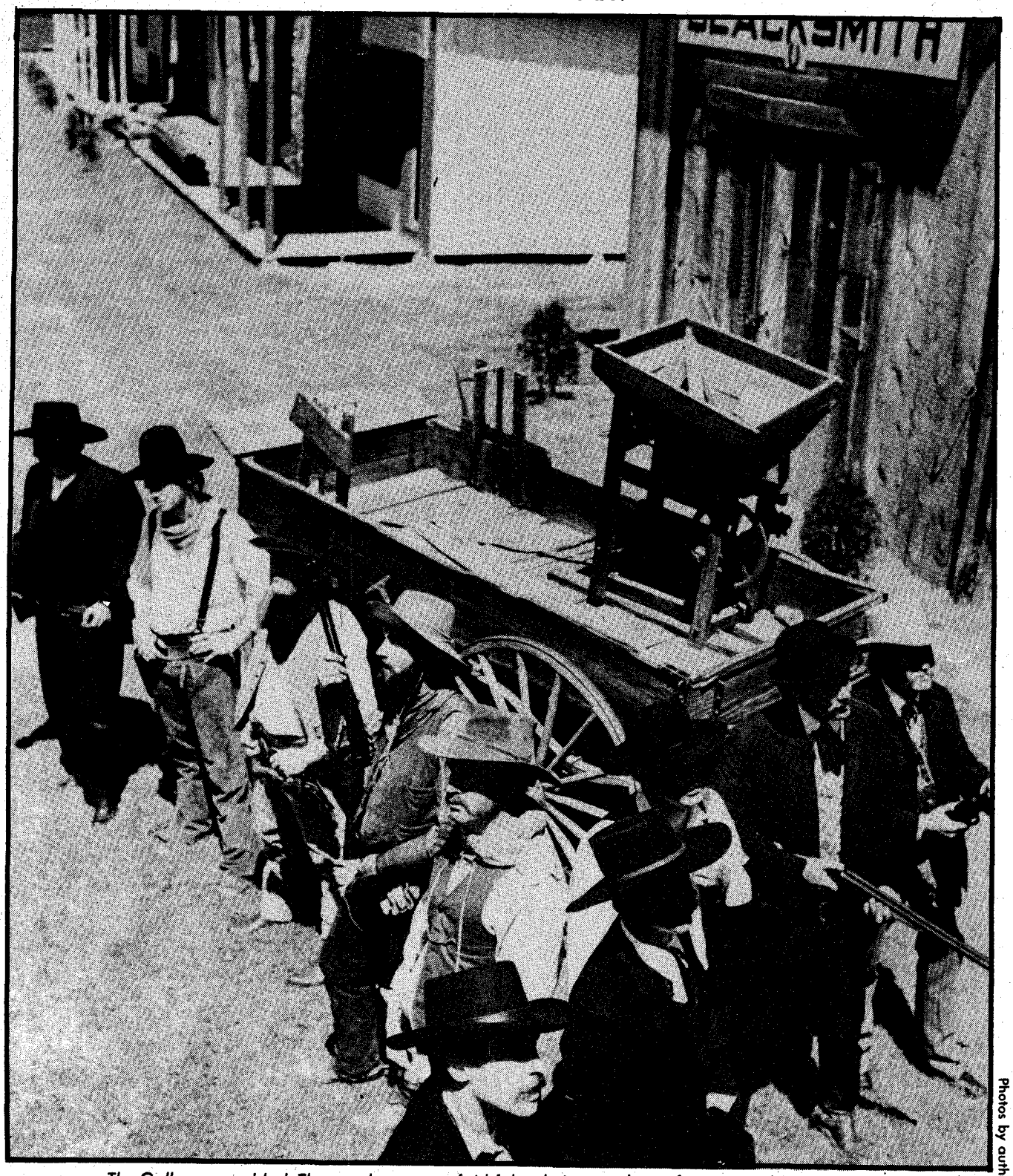
by Don Shoecraft

PACKING A LOAD IN

There are some limitations in presenting the history of the Old West: books and magazines are bound to the printed word; movies and television are limited to "entertainment balance"; but organizations like the Gallery of Gunfighters of Amador County aren't hemmed in, and don't intend to be.



Photos by author

The Gallery assembled. The members are so faithful to their parts they refuse to mingle sides, even for a photo. Consequently, they line up here in two groups: the Clanton Gang on the left and the Earps and lawmen on the right.

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THE MOTHER COUNTRY

Photos by author

Dan Lawrence, left, as Frank McLaury, and Tom Harmon, right, as Morgan Earp, ready for the OK Corral fight.

The Mother Lode country is still a place where men strap on their six-shooters — usually unloaded — to go to town on a Saturday night, where nostalgia reaches far back into the past. In San Francisco, nostalgia is 1940s platform shoes. In the Mother Lode, it's Tombstone, Arizona, 1881 and the Colt .45 single - action Army.

Little wonder that their celebrations are different up there in the foothills of the Sierra Nevada east of Sacramento. There is the celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County contest, after Mark Twain's 19th-century story. When there is a parade on, any parade, a high school homecoming, Veterans Day, or the Fourth of July, "E Clampus Vitus" ("We Live By The Trigger") will strap on their side-irons, tote out their shotguns and blast off a few rounds of blank three - inch magnum in unison to punctuate their scruffy march along the route.

The roster reads on from the Blue Mountain Boys to John Brown's Raiders on down the list to the anonymous, unorganized, volunteer hell - raisers of Kit Carson Days. Things have changed much since the Gold Rush of 1848, but there are those in the Mother Lode who aim to minimize the differences.

That is not to say that enlightenment has passed the Gold Country by. But in a milieu of such attachment to the daring, dangerous and deadly, one must expect enlightenment to possess an altogether unique quality. Thus do we find it among the members of the strangely dedicated, implausibly philosophical, unabashedly exuberant members of the Gallery of Gunfighters of Amador County. The Gallery is of and by those undirected, aimless "gun clubs" of the low Sierra; therefore, Gallery members do not criticize their brethren in public, but it is well recognized that the Gallery is something distinct, something envied, something better.

The Gallery has many things the other clubs lack: a permanent home, a stable membership, political influence, official incorporation papers, tough rules of behavior and a good reputation. But the real reason for the club's preeminence is authenticity — hard-fought, dearly - bought historical authenticity. What they do so well is to refight some notorious and some not so well-known gunfights of the Old West.

You think you have seen it at Knott's Berry Farm or in the movies: The OK Corral, Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid, or Wild Bill Hickok. But you haven't. Chances are that a stuntman at the berry farm knows only enough to put a blank in the proper end of a pistol and to point it towards a two-legged target. He doesn't care about his creation, he cares about his paycheck.

The movies are good, but the action is as slick as a million dollars can buy, and things tend to come across on the screen as directors and stars want them to be, not as they were. What better place to find the truth than from someone who is not peddling it, who will be no better or worse off tomorrow if you do or do not buy it?

The Gallery does not gain by what it does. No one gets paid and there are no stars, just choice parts. Many people who live in the Mother Lode still pan for gold, and they find it. They are not the kind to sell it, or even to transform it. It sits around the house in nuggets or dust, in peanut - butter jars or glass cases. It's as much an icon as a crucifix.

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It shows they believed. The Gallery is like that. The having, the reliving, the recreating of history, the contact with it: all are beyond value. The folks are an odd assortment. There is a bartender, a temporarily unemployed part-time occasional student — blue - collar people, mainly. The most fully - represented laboring group are modern-day lawmen, of which there are five. Four of them are office - worker officers, court bailiffs, probation officers and the like.

Commonly you will find two or more Gallery members who work at the same job. Two examples are Harry Lowe and Kip Lowe. Fate made Kip Harry's "topper." Though they are not blood relations, they both worked the same truck for a tree - trimming contractor. It wasn't long before Kip knew Harry's avocation, and Harry invited Kip out to see.

Kip is now the Gallery's Billy the Kid, and a resourceful idea man, though he's the youngest of the group at 21. The Gallery snares most of its converts that way. At least a quarter of the members commute from as far as the San Francisco Bay Area, more than two hours away. Like Kip, who now owns a tropical fish store in the East Bay Community of Dublin, the long - distance members rarely give up the Gallery if they move away. The investment is too great.

What is it that has these guys hooked? The Gallery began almost ten years ago at the old Gold Strike Saloon in Plymouth, a little gold-rush town in the Sierra 40 miles east of Sacramento and just a few miles north of Sutter's Mill. It started probably as a bar bet. Somebody bet somebody they didn't know who fired the first shot at the OK Corral.

They checked on it and, by God, learned that nobody was right. The level of interest for the Wild West in the Mother Lode is the equivalent of, say, the level of interest for baseball in Oakland. If these Saturday - night experts didn't know the facts about the most famous fight of them all, why, probably nobody around knew much better.

The research continued on a volunteer basis. That meant, simply put, that whoever could cite the most facts with the most authority got the upper hand of arguments Saturday night at the Gold Strike. Ultimately, they were glutted with facts.

"We sat around and finally said, All right, what do we do with all this research?' " George Monte recollected, "and pretty soon we were putting a show together."

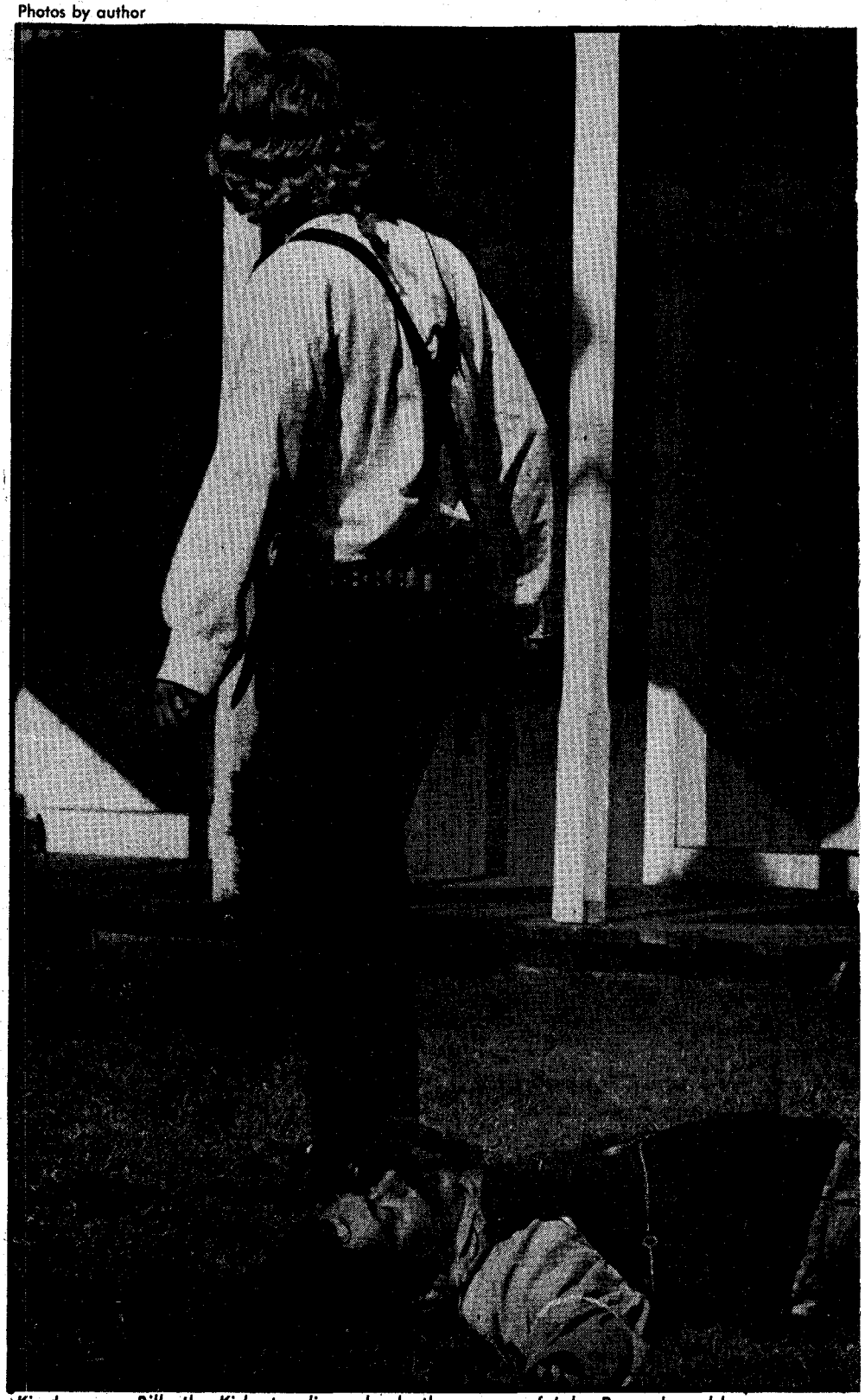
That first show was the OK Corral fight, naturally. Where they performed it first is an historical fact lost in memory, but there are so many places in the Mother Lode where men — any men — with blanks in their guns and Western clothes on their backs can perform that the Gallery didn't lack for practice.

It wasn't long before they made it to the Amador County Fair right there in Plymouth, and it wasn't long after that when the fair association offered them the use of a standing fair exhibit for a rent-free home base in exchange for free performances during the three-day annual fair.

The standing exhibit is a brief

(continued on page 54)

Photos by author



Kip Lowe as Billy the Kid, standing, checks the corpse of John Poe, played by Jim Lundstrom, whom he killed in one of his several jail breaks. Poe was his tormentor as a prison guard, and the Kid took special satisfaction in downing him with both barrels of a 12 gauge.

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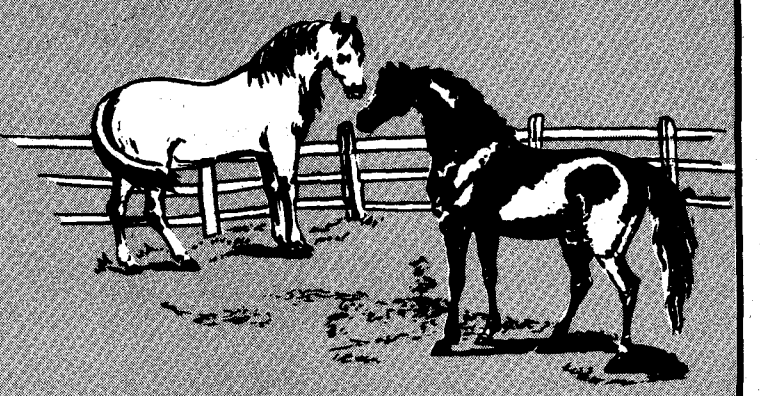
THE EDITOR'S CORRAL



I SEE BY YESTERDAY'S NEWSPAPER

RED CLOUD TO JOIN WHITES

Red Cloud says that if his people do not make a treaty, he will leave them and join the whites. He is going to send his son East to be educated.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, Aug. 20, 1870

GRAND CANYON BEING EXPLORED

Major Powell announces his intention to enter upon another exploration of the canyon of the Colorado River. Aid from military posts has been promised.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, Sept. 3, 1870

KANSAS COW TOWNS BOOMING

The towns along the line of the Kansas Pacific Railroad are becoming the most extensive markets for the shipment of Texas cattle.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, Sept. 3, 1870

CHIEF VICTOR OF THE FLATHEADS DIES

"Victor", head chief of the confederated Flathead nation, died recently, aged eighty-five years. This is a great loss to the Flatheads. In former years he was one of their greatest warriors; but many years ago he joined the Catholic Church, and ever since has been a devout Christian.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, Sept. 10, 1870

WOMEN VOTING IN WYOMING

The Wyoming women have caused a little consternation by resolving to ignore politics and vote only for the man of "good moral character." The election is for Congressmen, too.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, Sept. 10, 1870

A LOT OF WAX

The Comstock mine in Nevada is lit up with twenty thousand boxes of candles a year.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, Sept. 24, 1870

JUVENILE DELINQUENCY, 1870 STYLE

A party of scoundrels amused themselves last week by throwing stones at the steamer Addie Johnson as she left the levee at Dubuque, Iowa. Several passengers were hit, and one man had his eye put out by a stone.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, Sept. 24, 1870

BULL FIGHT IN KANSAS CITY

Kansas City has just had a first-class Spanish bull - fight.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, Oct. 8, 1870

CATTLE SHIPMENTS INCREASING

The shipments of Texas cattle over the Kansas Pacific Railroad average 1,500 per day.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, Oct. 8, 1870

INDIANS ON WARPATH

Governor Safford of Arizona, at the head of a party of volunteers, has taken the field against the Indians.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, Oct. 15, 1870

SMALLPOX RAGING AMONG INDIANS

Orders have been sent to the military frontier posts to exclude furs from the Indian districts devastated by smallpox.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, Oct. 22, 1870

GOVERNOR OF UTAH DIES

General Wilson Shaefer, recently appointed Governor of Utah Territory, died on the 31st ult., after a lingering attack of consumption, brought on from exposure in the army.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, Nov. 19, 1870

DIAMONDS FOUND IN ARIZONA

A three - carat diamond of $500 value, found in the Arizona gold - mines, has been brought to San Francisco.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, Jan. 14, 1871

UTE INDIANS DOING WELL

The Ute Indians, having been supplied by Governor McCook with the oxen and breeding cows, are now delighted with a plethora of butcher's meat, and are more abundantly supplied with marketing than the citizens of Boston or New York.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, Jan. 14, 1871

BRIGHAM YOUNG A MILLIONAIRE

Brigham Young's fortune is estimated to be not far from $8,000,000 or $9,000,000, and to be rapidly increasing. He is evidently desirous of leaving when he dies, $2,000 or $3,000 apiece to his numerous wives.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, Feb. 4, 1871

INDIANS BEING CIVILIZED!

Bishop Clarkson of Nebraska reports that of the 75,000 Indians in the bounds of his diocese, 15,000 attend religious services. He thinks efforts for their civilization has been successful.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, Feb. 18, 1871 ●RW

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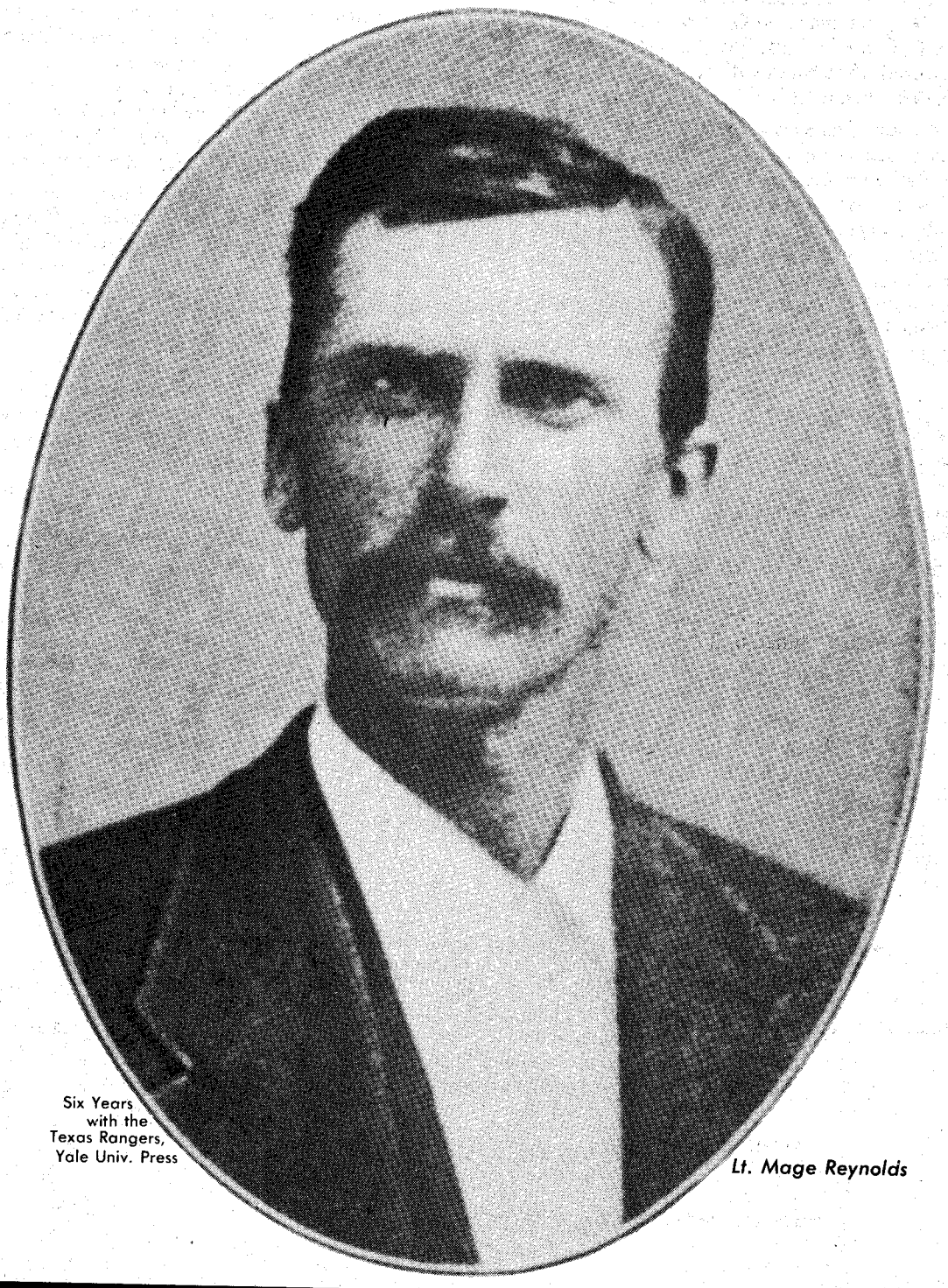
Born of necessity, they set a standard that drew the attention of natives, settlers, politicians, and especially lawbreakers. Such a standard was proudly upheld by "Mage" Reynolds and his company of Texas Rangers.



Six Years with the Texas Rangers, Yale Univ. Press

Lt. Mage Reynolds

N. O. REYNOLDS
The Intrepid Ranger

by Wayne T. Walker

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Across the San Saba River from Fort McKavett, Texas, was a civilian settlement known as Scabtown, comprised mainly of hard characters — both male and female — saloons and gambling halls. They were there for one purpose: to separate the soldiers from their army pay. In February 1878, Lieutenant N. O. Reynolds, commander of Company E, Frontier Battalion, Texas Rangers, made camp nearby on the San Saba with several of his men after a scout through Menard County.

The size of your welcome to Scabtown depended on the bulge of your bankroll, but the Texas Rangers were unwelcome for any reason. Most of the time they departed from the sin town with several of its citizens.

Several discharged black soldiers lived near Ft. McKavett, or in Scabtown, and some of them had become mean and highly overbearing. On this particular night, these ex-soldiers were having a dance in Scabtown. George, the black who drove the light wagon and cooked for the Ranger party, received permission from Reynolds to attend.

Not having a gun of his own, George borrowed a pistol from Tim McCarthy to take with him. When George arrived at the dance, some of the ex-soldiers jumped him and took his gun away, then sent him scurrying back to camp. He was associated with the Rangers, and these men despised them.

Everybody was in bed when George returned and related his misfortune. Angry, Reynolds rousted his men out and rode into Scabtown, but the rowdies saw them coming and closed the dance-hall doors. Trying to keep things from getting out of hand, Reynolds rode up close alone and coolly demanded the return of the gun.

The former cavalrymen refused, one of them bawling out, "Kill the first white-livered — who attempts to enter."

Reynolds asserted: "Gentlemen, I'm commander of this company of Rangers and I'm demanding that you surrender."

All he received for his effort was another oath.

Reynolds ordered the house cleared of women and added, "...you've got five minutes to surrender." The women started screaming, not wanting to be in the middle of a gun battle. One of the celebrants poked McCarthy's pistol, muzzle foremost, out of a window.

"Here," he said, "come get your damned gun."

McCarthy stepped forward to retrieve it; however, as he grasped it, the man fired the pistol. The ball pierced McCarthy just above the heart, mortally wounding him.

Firing broke out from both sides, but the remaining four Rangers never retreated. Instead, Reynolds led his men in a charge on the house. When the smoke of the battle cleared, four of the men inside had been killed. Only one of the ex-soldiers escaped. He had hidden under the bed, and as the Rangers rushed in, he dove out into the safety of the darkness.

Early the following day, McCarthy died and was buried near the military post. George had fought like a demon beside Reynolds and was praised by the surviving Ranger quartet. The fiery battle was only one of many that Lt. N. O. Reynolds had taken part in during his Ranger career, and he would see a lot more action before he ended his days as a Texas law officer...

Better known by his nickname "Mage," Reynolds was a perfect illustration of most people's image of a Ranger — tall, muscular, handsome features which were bisected by a mustache, blond hair, and blue eyes. He was born in Bradford, Missouri, in 1849. Although he was only fifteen at the time, Reynolds joined the Confederate army in 1864 and was with a detachment that captured a troop of Federal cavalry in early 1865. The Rebels were scantily clad, especially for winter, and young Reynolds appropriated the Union major's uniform and overcoat. Hence, the sobriquet "Mage" for Major.

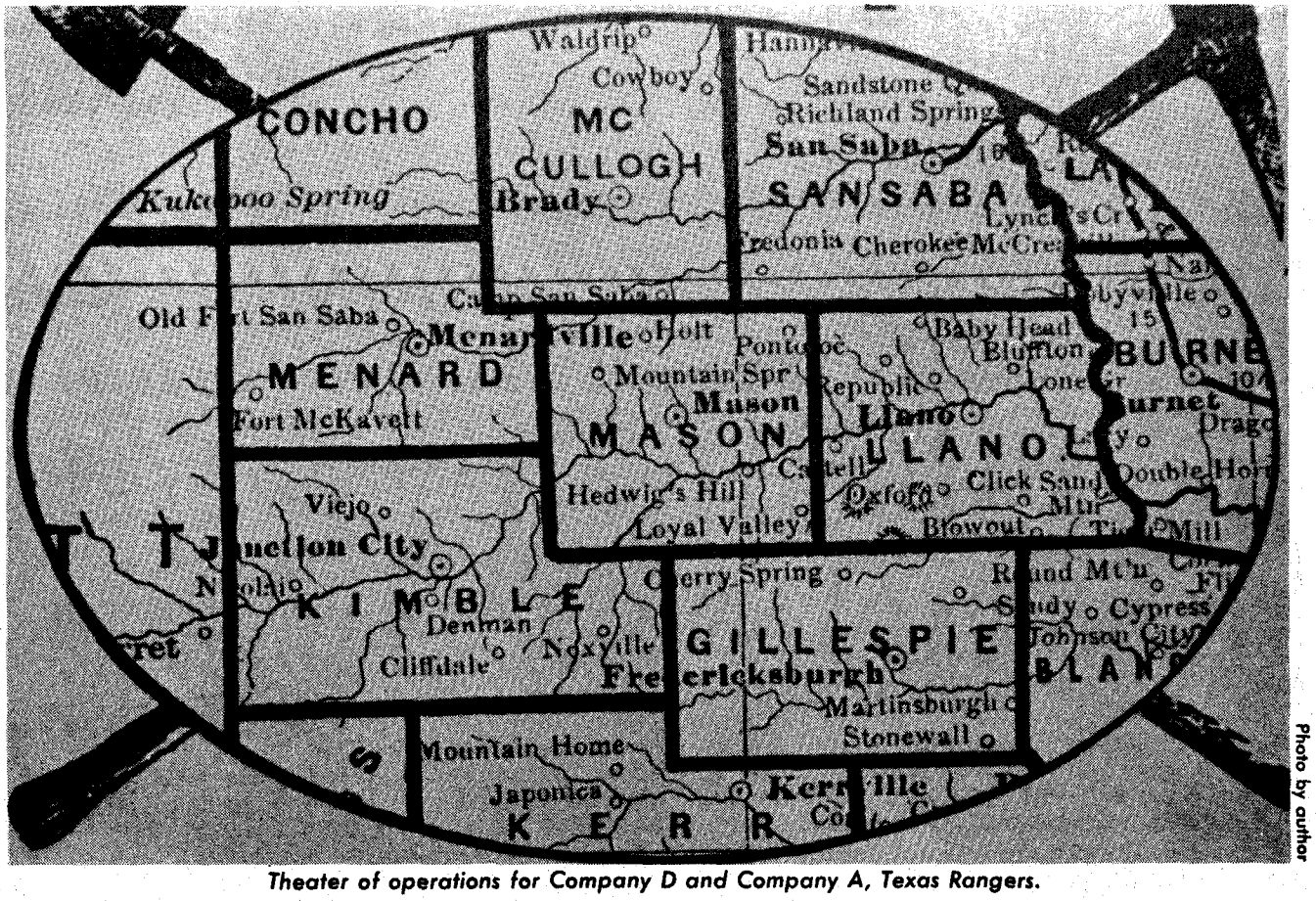

Photo by author

Theater of operations for Company D and Company A, Texas Rangers.

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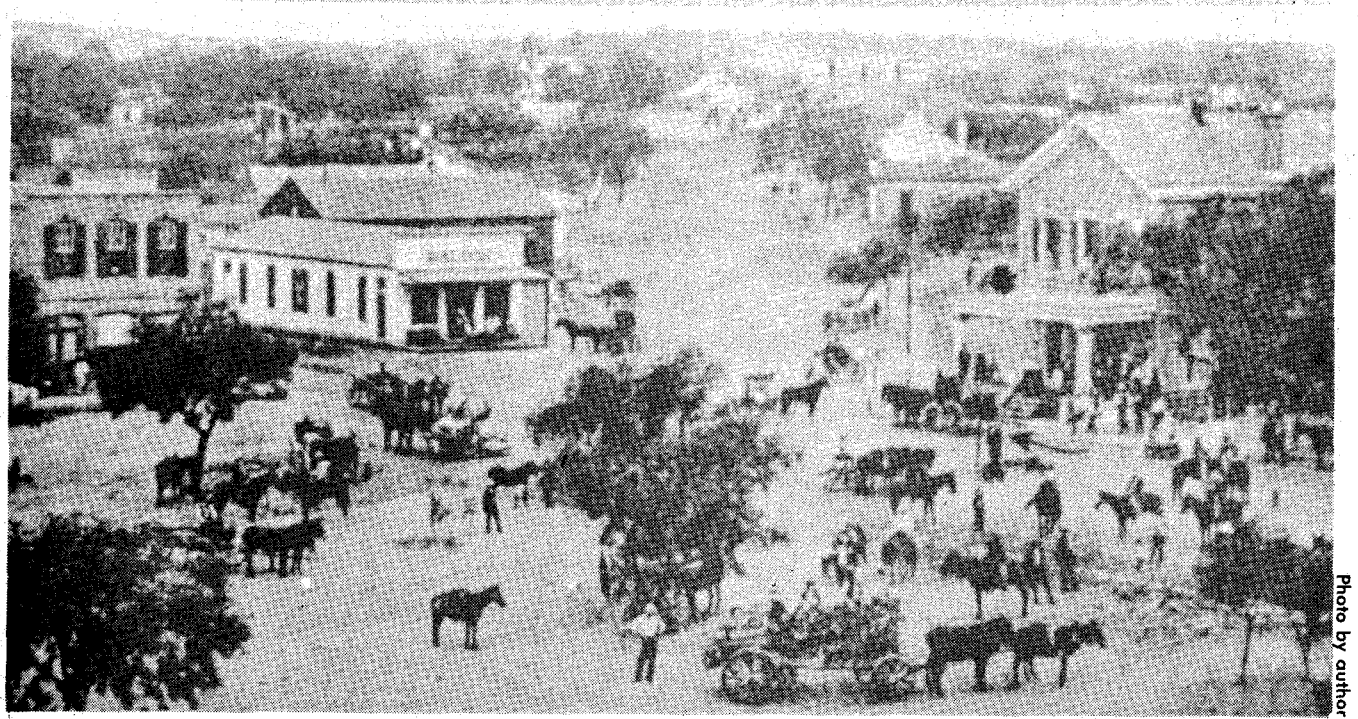

Photo by author

Mason City, Texas. Reynolds resigned here to avoid tracking down ex-Ranger Scott Cooley.

When Jim Gillett, one of his men, asked him about his early life before joining the Rangers, he declared he was a Missourian by birth, a bootmaker by trade, and that his past history could interest no one.

On 25 May 1874, Mage Reynolds enlisted in Captain C. R. Perry's Company D, Frontier Battalion, and immediately became determined to succeed as a Texas Ranger. He was astute in mind, quick in action, and daring in spirit. It wasn't long until he had worked up to Sergeant, at the same time winning respect and admiration from those who rode with him. Even with this devotion to the service, Reynolds still retained a greater loyalty to friendship when the chips were down.

During the "Hoodoo War" of Mason County, an ex-Ranger named Scott Cooley had unleashed a private vendetta upon several men who had murdered a friend of his. Tim Williamson, the murdered man, and his wife had once saved Cooley's life when he was seriously ill. He was determined to take his own revenge, since it appeared the men would not be brought to justice by legal means.

Reynolds and Cooley had ridden together in Co. D, and even though he didn't appreciate his methods, Reynolds was in sympathy with the ex-Ranger. Therefore, when Captain Dan W. Roberts, present commander of Co. D, was ordered into Mason County and instructed to hunt down Cooley, Reynolds resigned. About one third of the company followed suit.

After the Mason County war was settled, Reynolds and some of the boys who had resigned the previous fall at Mason re-enlisted with Co. D on June 1, 1876.

At the time of the reorganization in September 1876, there were several vacancies in Co. A, and a few of Co. D decided to transfer. Even though he hated to leave Captain Roberts and his other comrades in Co. D, Reynolds went with them. He would see more country. The primary duty of Co. A was to escort Major Jones on his inspection journeys to the various companies along the frontier line — about four a year.

Captain J. M. Denton was in charge of Co. A until December, then Captain Neal Coldwell was placed in command. Throughout that winter, Co. A operated against a band of renegades who were stealing and robbing in the northwestern section of Atascosa County.

In April 1877, Major Jones led the escort on a line of inspection to the various company camp headquarters. Reaching the headwaters of the South Llano River, Major Jones halted his escort, detailing several scouting parties of five Rangers and giving them orders to arrest every man who could not give a sensible account of himself. One group was sent down the South Llano, a second down Johnson's Fork, while a third was instructed to hit the head of the North Llano and sweep down that river — all three scouts to connect up with Major Jones and the main escort near present Junction City.

When the three scouts had rejoined the escort, some fifty or sixty men had been arrested and brought in. Most of these were released after a close interrogation, but the Reynolds party brought in two escaped convicts they had captured at Copperas Creek. The other parties rounded up others who were wanted for murder, as well as horse and cattle thieves.

Upon arriving at Coleman City, Major Jones was given orders from Governor Richard Coke to send a detachment to Lampasas County to assist the local authorities in quelling the Horrell-Higgins feud. Major Jones assigned Sergeant Reynolds to take ten men and proceed to Lampasas, where he would report to Sheriff Sweet.

At Lampasas, Reynolds was brought up to date on the feud and told that the more dangerous of the two factions — the Horrells — were living on the Sulphur Fork of the Lampasas River. They had dared any law officers to attempt to arrest them.

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These men had once been forced out of the county because of their killings, but after a private war with New Mexico inhabitants, they had returned to ranching here.

Not long after they returned to their old haunts, Pink Higgins accused Merritt, the youngest of the Horrells, of rustling his cattle. One day while Merritt was seated unarmed in a chair at the Jerry Scott saloon, Pink walked in and shot him. It was the same saloon where, four years before, Merritt had taken part in a pitched gun battle that had left four men dead.

The killing of Merritt touched off another violent feud, with men killed on both sides in the ensuing shoot-outs that developed in the following weeks. This was the situation that had prompted a call for the Rangers to help stop it. Too many innocent lives were being endangered.

After informing Reynolds of the Horrells' whereabouts, Sheriff Sweet also told him the boys had about a dozen hard cases with them and the Ranger party woudn't have a chance trying to capture them. He added, "...they've never been arrested and I don't think they can be."

"I've heard it before," replied Reynolds. "It is our duty to at least make an attempt." He then asked, "Would you have a man who could guide us?"

The Rangers rode out of Lampasas late at night, with Bill Wren, a local rancher, in the lead with Reynolds. Finally, about ten miles east of Lampasas, Wren pointed out a flickering light in the distance. "That's it," he said, "that's where the Horrell boys live."

It was still dark and Reynolds was afraid some of the quarry would get away if they attempted to make the arrest now. He had his men dismount and wait for daybreak. If it were at all possible, he wished to surprise the wanted men. But if worse came to worse, they would fight to the last man. At dawn, Reynolds led the way as the Ranger force moved in on foot. Fortunately, there were no dogs to bark and sound the alarm.

Quietly, Reynolds and his men eased their way into the ranch house, which was one big room. Most of the outlaws were sprawled on pallets on the floor, while others were sleeping on beds. Each Ranger took a pallet or bed, and when Reynolds spoke to Mart Horrell, the outlaws awoke to find Winchester muzzles at their heads and the triggers cocked.

"We're Texas Rangers," explained Reynolds. "We're here to place you under arrest."

Mart Horrell shook his head. "No, it would be better to die fighting here than to be mobbed in town."

Reynolds warned the outlaws that it would mean instant death for a dozen men, "...you'd better listen to me." He guaranteed that upon his honor he would not turn the Horrells over to the sheriff to be put in jail and mobbed. He would guard them in his camp until they obtained a preliminary examination and gave bond.

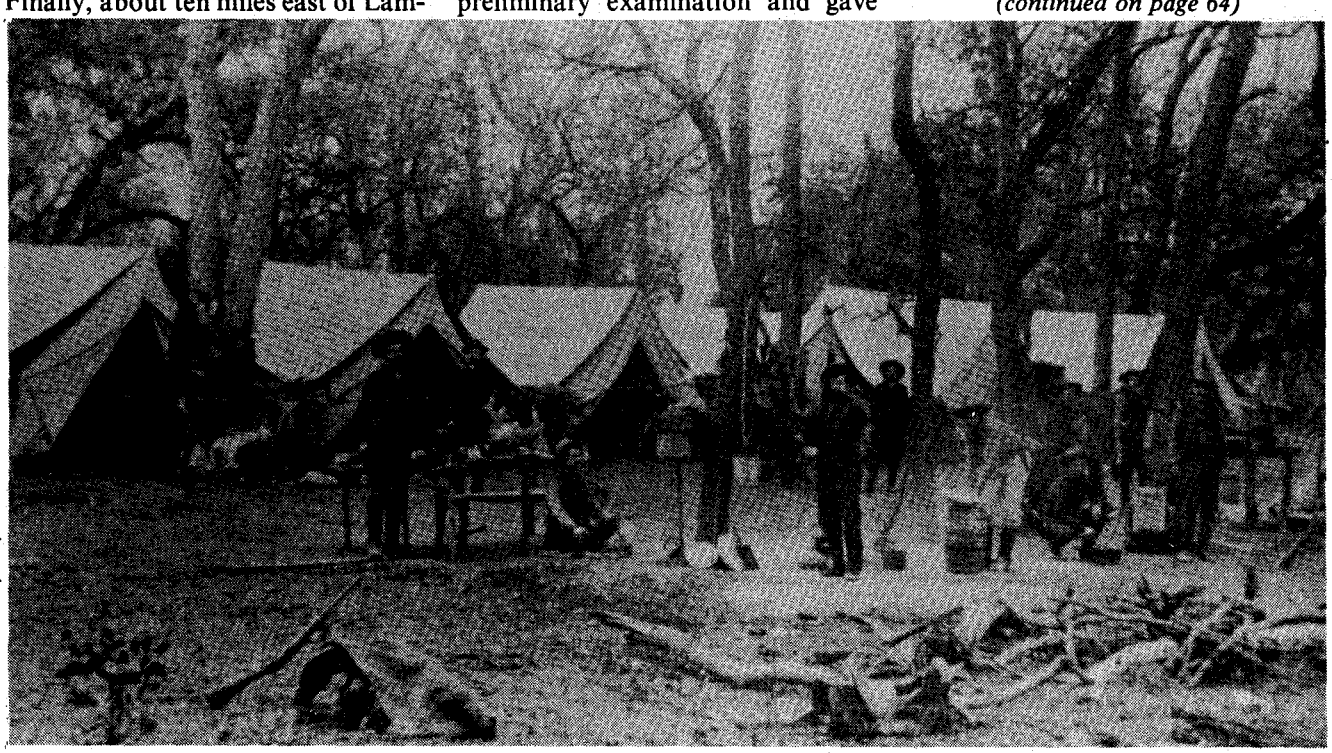
It appeared reasonable to Mart Horrell and he talked the rest into agreeing to this proposition. Later, they rode into Lampasas under guard of the heavily armed Rangers.

The news of the Horrell capture spread like a prairie fire throughout the countryside, and people stampeded into the frontier town to see Sergeant Reynolds, the man who had accomplished the impossible. Major Jones rushed to Lampasas to see that the feat was not wasted. The Higgins faction was finally forced to surrender to the authorities, and the feud ended.

This daring exploit earned Reynolds a First Lieutenant's commission and command of his own company. Company E and Company C were ordered to report to Lieutenant Reynolds at Lampasas. In August the two companies went into camp at Hancock Springs, where Major Jones authorized Reynolds to pick the men he wanted from the two companies, then he would either discharge or transfer the remainder to other companies. No other officer in the Frontier Battalion was ever accorded this privilege.

When Reynolds finished, his Co. E was a crack outfit. It was one of the most formidable bodies of men ever seen in the Rangers, with Jim Gillett the smallest in size, at 5-9 and weighing 140 pounds. All were exceedingly fine marksmen, and nearly every member had some experience as an officer. Sergeant Henry McGee had

(continued on page 64)



Texas Public Safety Department

Ranger camp on the San Saba River, below Ft. McKavett.

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REAL WEST MOVIE HALL OF FAME

BILL CODY

by Mario DeMarco

While some actors take on the names of famous frontiersmen in order to become famous as western stars, there was once a man who was born with an already famous name — Bill Cody — but he was no relation to the famous Indian scout, William Frederick Cody. I saw a few of Bill's films in the early '30s, and this western star struck me as one who did his shooting first and talking later — the strong, silent type.

He was born William Joseph Cody, Jr. in Winnipeg, Canada, on January 5, 1891. He was educated at the St. Thomas Military Academy and later at St. John's University in Minnesota. After graduating from St. John's, he took up acting, joined the Metropolitan Stock Company and made a tour of the theatricals throughout the country. While in California in 1924, he made a tour of the studios and wound up as a feature player in westerns for Pathe. His films were well put together and contained a good deal of action which the fans loved. It wasn't too long before he was starring in his own westerns.

In those early days of western films, the hero didn't talk much but concentrated on action; so like the great Bill Hart, who was the strong, silent type and took out his hate on the "wrong doers," so did Bill Cody, Jr. His portrayal of the rugged cowboy became a favorite with his fans, and Bill became one of the leading cowboy stars of the '20s and '30s.

Leaving Pathe in the late '20s, he signed a contract with Universal Studios, where he made a series of well - put - together westerns, and his popularity grew. Unlike many stars of this period who had never used their voices, Bill made the jump into talkies without any difficulty due to his early training on the stage. In 1933 he left the big "U" and starred in a group of westerns for several independent studios — Associated Sono-Art. Like so many independent producers at this time who were trying to capitalize on the "quick" dollar, these films were cheaply made and didn't meet the standards of quality met by Universal. His best films were for Monogram Pictures, where he made eight of them, including *Mason of the Mounted* and *Ghost City*. Spectrum Pictures, another newly formed studio, released another group of eight in 1935, which included such films as *Lawless Border*, *Vanishing Riders*, and *Western Racketeers*. He retired from pictures in 1936 ... his son, Bill Jr., appeared with him in several films, as well as in a serial for Universal, *The Oregon Trail*, which starred Johnny Mack Brown. He was being groomed as a future western star, but this never materialized.

After leaving films, Bill took to the "sawdust trail," traveling with the great Cole Brothers Circus in 1937 and 1938, meeting his many fans firsthand. After the tour he devoted his time to his wife and private interests.

On January 24, 1948 Bill passed away in his home in Santa Monica, California. Like so many of the great western stars before him, he knew what the fans, young and old, expected from him and he portrayed the good, clean character in his films, as well as in his private life ... a true western star. ●RW

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DIPLOMACY GOES BUFFALO HUNTING

by M. Jane McAllister

In the wake of United States detente maneuvers throughout the world, it is difficult to imagine anything more fantastic in terms of foreign state craft. However, the efforts of the United States to establish good relations with Russia in the last century show us that such machinations are not new. Indeed, we find them throughout history.

However, the visit of Grand Duke Alexis Romanoff to the United States in 1871 furnishes us with one of the most interesting, if not amusing efforts to please a foreign dignitary.

Alexis, an extremely handsome man of 22, was the son of Tsar Alexander II. His father sent him to the United States on a goodwill tour.

The Romanoff dynasty, which had been in power since the 17th century, represented absolutism at its utmost. It would seem that the American public would find Alexis abhorrent, since he represented a government which was directly opposed to democracy. In fact, it would seem that his presence would be a painful reminder of the absolutist monarchy which our forefathers had so violently repulsed only a century before.

However, human behavior is not always logical, as this episode illustrates. Alexis' fleet was greeted in New York by huge crowds of cheering Americans. *The New York Times* reported that "extensive arrangements are being perfected to extend to the

1872, J. Lee Knight, photo — Reproduced from the collection of the Library of Congress.

Grand Duke Alexis (center) & members of Imperial hunting party, Geo A. Custer is in the middle row, right.

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1872 Scholten — Reproduced from the collection of the Library of Congress.

Geo. A. Custer & Grand Duke Alexis.

Imperial Guest of the great Republic a reception worthy of the United States of America, and of the friendly Power whose illustrious representative it proposes to honor." *

Americans were captivated by Alexis' elegance and charm. He was celebrated in every major city in the East. He was the center of endless formal balls and dinner parties. He was shown the best of everything the United States had to offer. Banquets were given and speeches made, all in his honor.

That fall, Alexis was invited to dinner at the White House, where he was the personal guest of President Ulysses S. Grant. The dinner conversation at that historic meal spawned an event which made international headlines at the time.

During dinner, President Grant entertained the Grand Duke with stories of American life. When Grant touched on the life of the West, he also touched a spark in Alexis' imagination.

Alexis suddenly began to pummel the President with questions about the West. The rugged life, the adventure, the conquest, all captured Alexis. It is not difficult to understand that at 22 he was bored with weeks of formal diplomatic pleasantries. He longed for excitement. Nor is it surprising that when Grant described the dangers of buffalo hunting, Alexis would not allow him to change the subject.

Alexis undoubtedly knew by this time that he only need hint of his interest, and everything would be done to indulge it. And so hint he did. A buffalo hunt, he felt, sounded more exciting than the hunts of Europe. He said, in effect, that he would be disappointed if he missed an opportunity to participate in a hunt.

President Grant acted upon the hardly subtle suggestion that very evening, and thus began the plans for Alexis' buffalo hunt.

Grant cornered General Philip Sherman of the United States Army, another distinguished guest that night, and ordered him to arrange the details for the hunt. Sherman was to select the best location, provide the best accommodations and, most importantly,

(continued on page 52)

New York Times, April 21, 1871, p. 1

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DIAMOND FIELD JACK

by Samuel Stanley

Part of getting a good job today consists of convincing the employer how good you are. While action spoke louder than words in the Old West, some self-praise could come in handy once in awhile — as Jack Davis found out.

"Diamond Field Jack" Davis

Diamond Field Jack was a product of his era, a footloose cowboy who roamed the West, catching jobs wherever he found them. The cattle business was in his blood and he knew his trade from high-heel boots to branding iron. So when sheepmen invaded Idaho, their woollies champing grass down to the roots — thus ruining it for cattle — Jack knew where he stood. The cattlemen, logically, were up in arms, fighting for their livelihood. And Jack became active in their defense. It almost cost him his life.

Jack Davis appeared in the Snake River Valley, Idaho, in the spring of 1894. He had come from Nevada, so he said. He was a young man, about 24, mannerly and with a kindly air that attracted friends. His eyes were grey and

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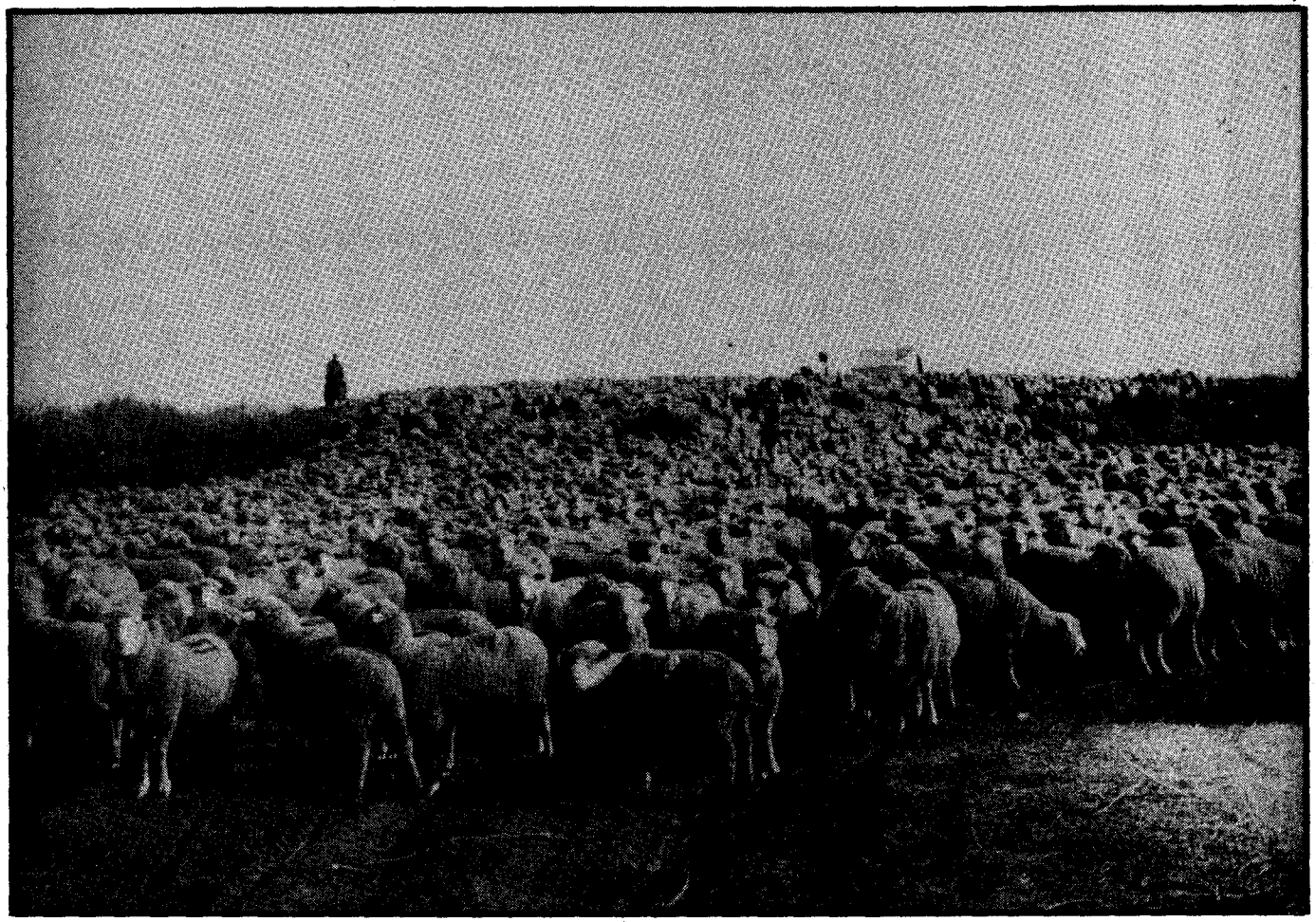

Sheep in the Shoshone Basin.

deep-set, and he sported a blonde moustache. His skills made ranch jobs easy to find. He was also a great talker. A favorite topic of his was mining for gold and diamonds, and he regaled his fellow cowboys with glowing tales of how one day he would strike it rich. This earned him the nickname of Diamond Field Jack. He considered it a distinction.

Another subject he dwelt on at length was gunfighting. In his wanderings, it appeared, he had acquired a reputation, and many a man had paid a price for provoking him into a quarrel. At first his buddies were mostly amused, discounting such boasting as mere cowboy tall tales, but gradually, as they knew him better, some changed their minds. This young fellow might be full of hot air, but he had a sterner side, too. On his right leg, moreover, the scar of a bullet wound appeared. He was always ready to show it off.

About this time sheepmen were becoming an intolerable nuisance. As threats to cattle, they were worse than all the wolves and cougars in Idaho. True, they were present mostly in summer — during winter, most flocks were driven into Utah — but that was time enough for them to ruin the grazing. Something had to be done. At last the cattlemen, realizing that the effort necessary to expel these invaders would be beyond their means, suggested a compromise. The range would be divided by a line running the length of the Shoshone Basin, the sheep to be kept east of the line, with all land west of it reserved for cattle. The sheepowners agreed.

Diamond Field Jack was working for the Sparks-Harrell Cattle Company, a high-powered outfit with satellite ranches scattered throughout the state. After the compromise with the sheepmen, he was handed the job of patrolling the Shoshone Basin to keep them in their place. Just what prompted his selection is unknown, but most likely his claims to prowess with a gun were taken seriously. Anyway, he lost no time in reminding sheepowners of their agreement.

One day he and Jack Gleason, a buddy riding with him at the time, decided the Dunn brothers in particular needed a strong warning; their flocks had strayed perilously close to the line. The two charged into the Dunns' camp with pistols blazing. No one was hurt, but a lot of camp gear was riddled with bullets.

A few days later, Jack Davis rode back to see if the Dunns had got the message. One brother, Oliver, was alone.

"Morning, pardner," Jack called as Dunn looked up nervously. "Just thought I'd drop in to pay my respects." He paused a moment. "What's the matter with your hand?" he asked quickly. Dunn's left hand wore a clumsy bandage. "Didn't get nicked the other day, did you? We wasn't aimin' to hurt you."

"No, you gol-darned cowboy, you ain't hit nothin'," replied Oliver grimly. "Just cut my fingers on some bobwire and they ain't healin' up. And I can't leave my sheep."

Jack dismounted. "Let me have a look," he said. "I've helped heal a lot of cuts." He removed the bandage and gave a soft whistle. The fingers were swollen, festering and an angry red.

"Got to do somethin' quick," muttered Jack. He sprang on his horse and galloped off, but was back again an hour later with antiseptic and fresh bandages. For the next few days he came back regularly to repeat the treatment. Each time, though, he stressed the warning, "Don't let them woollies stray no more. You just might get hurt so bad, ain't nothing would save you."

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That was Jack Davis, a man with two sides to his nature: warm-hearted, a friend in need, but capable of violent action. The fact was underlined a short while later. Meanwhile, word of Jack's abruptness with wayward sheepmen had got around the Basin. Now William Tolman, a tough herdsman who took no lip from anybody, vowed he would run this upstart cowboy out of the country for good. His boast was relayed on to Jack Davis. Far from panicking, though, that stalwart let it be known that he would welcome a meeting with his challenger anywhere, any time. With that he dismissed the matter. No sheepman would intimidate him.

One day Tolman strolled into Jack's camp, catching him busy with household chores and unaware of a visit.

"You Diamond Field Jack?" demanded the sheepman. Jack sprang to his feet, edging toward his pistol which lay on a table. "Reckon I am," he replied. "What's that to you?"

"Well, by thunder, you better pack your gear and get going. And I'm the man to plug you full of holes if I see you on this range again." Tolman was used to overawing men with threats. His voice rose to a shout as he touched his gun, but Jack's hand was quicker. His own pistol barked, and Tolman slumped to the ground, clutching his shoulder.

His manner quickly changed. The wound was crippling but hardly fatal, and now Tolman, realizing his plight, began begging for his life. He was a married man, he pointed out, and his family depended on him. Now Jack's other side took over. He gave his victim first aid and then, holding him upright, helped him to a spot where other sheepmen could pick him up. (Some had seen the pair, but hadn't dared come closer to Jack.) Later on, the sight of Tolman being carried on a stretcher — and the news of what put him there — was enough to cause incoming sheepmen to change their minds and head out.

For the next two months things were quiet in the Shoshone Basin. It may have been only an armed truce, but sheep and cattlemen got along without further incident. Diamond Field Jack took credit publicly for teaching the sheepmen a lesson. About the end of January (1896), though, Cummings and Wilson, two young, venturesome newcomers, drove their flocks into an area between Goose and Deep Creeks. The area was clearly out of bounds for sheep. This time there was no doubt that the agreement had been broken, whether consciously or not.

On February 4, passers-by observed the two men at breakfast outside a covered wagon, which apparently served as living quarters. Tied to its wheels, two sheep dogs dozed in the early sunlight. Patches of snow dotted the landscape, but in between the rich grass awaited the onslaught of the devouring woollies. Thus far the scene was as peaceful as any in the wide and fertile basin.

Twelve days later, however, other passers-by were attracted by the howling of the dogs tied — as before — to the wagon wheels. A closer look showed them piteously thin and near starvation. Ominously, the earth in front of the wagon, as well as its tongue, was dark with stains of dried blood.

Inside the wagon the proof of tragedy loomed starkly clear. Covered with a blanket, Wilson's body lay sprawled on the single bed. On the floor below, the body of Cummings lay twisted from its death agony.

The sheriff of Cassia County was summoned and, together with assistants, began an investigation. The victims had been dead some 10 to 14 days, the coroner said. Already the air inside the wagon had become insufferable. Cummings, they guessed, had helped his companion onto the bed and covered him, perhaps with a final effort. Wilson's face and arms were powder-burned. His wound was in his back, while Cummings' was in the abdomen and through the intestines. Both men had been shot with .44-calibre bullets. A pan of dry dough lay in the oven, suggesting that at least one partner had been busy with cooking. In front of the wagon four empty .44-cartridge cases lay in tandem for some 15 feet.

It was hardly possible that the men had shot each other. In the first place, the barrel of the only firearm in the camp, a rifle, was still clean and shiny. Also, the sites of the wounds — one in front, the other in back — discounted the idea. Lastly, there was the position of the bodies. So the evidence pointed to an intruder, perhaps more than one. What, then, might have been the motive? Not robbery, since the men's wallets were untouched. That narrowed it down to some enemy who wanted them out of the way. And who would want it more, the sheriff reasoned, than cattlemen? After all, these sheep *had* been driven onto forbidden land.

Inevitably suspicion turned to one man. Diamond Field Jack had admitted wounding Tolman and shooting up the Dunn camp, even boasted about it. Every one knew of his unceasing effort to keep sheepmen in their place. Moreover, he had been seen lately in the vicinity of Cummings' and Wilson's camp. The web of evidence enclosed him more with every fresh clue.

Public fear of war between the rival factions rose swiftly. Ranchers looked to their arms, and in Boise even the Governor was apprehensive. From Cassia County a warrant was sent out for Jack Davis's arrest, but he was nowhere to be found. The search led through Nevada, his home territory, with the trail getting constantly warmer. Finally, in Yuma, Arizona, he was located in the state pen, where he was serving time for assaulting a policeman. Two sheriff's deputies, E. R. Dayley and John Gray, were sent to escort him back to Cassia County to be locked up again but on a charge of first-degree murder. All the while, he was calm, almost debonair, and offered no resistance. He regaled his warders with characteristic tales of his shooting exploits in Nevada.

Now the cattlemen, many of them wealthy, showed how they felt about the issue, i.e., cattle vs. sheep. They combed the state for the best legal talent, finally choosing the firm of Hawley, Perky and Puckett for Jack's defense. The trial began April 25, 1897 in the town of Albion, and the prisoner quickly entered a plea of "not guilty," with a self-assurance he would maintain throughout the proceedings. It was hardly the attitude of a guilty man.

The prosecution, led by John Rogers and William Borah — who was later to become a U.S. Senator — tried to set the date of the killing as February 4. Possible, countered the defense, but that could not involve Davis; on that date he had been at the Middlestack ranch in Nevada. Thus the arguments flew back and forth in a glittering display of legal finesse.

Thirteen days later, the jury reported. The high-powered defense had not been enough, and the prisoner was guilty as charged. Two days afterward, Judge Stockslager pronounced sentence — death by hanging.

Next day, Jack was given permission to see the judge. There was no ill-feeling, Jack assured him upon being ushered in, and he thanked the judge for a fair trial. A scaffold was erected for the hanging, and Jack asked to see that, too. He was led out

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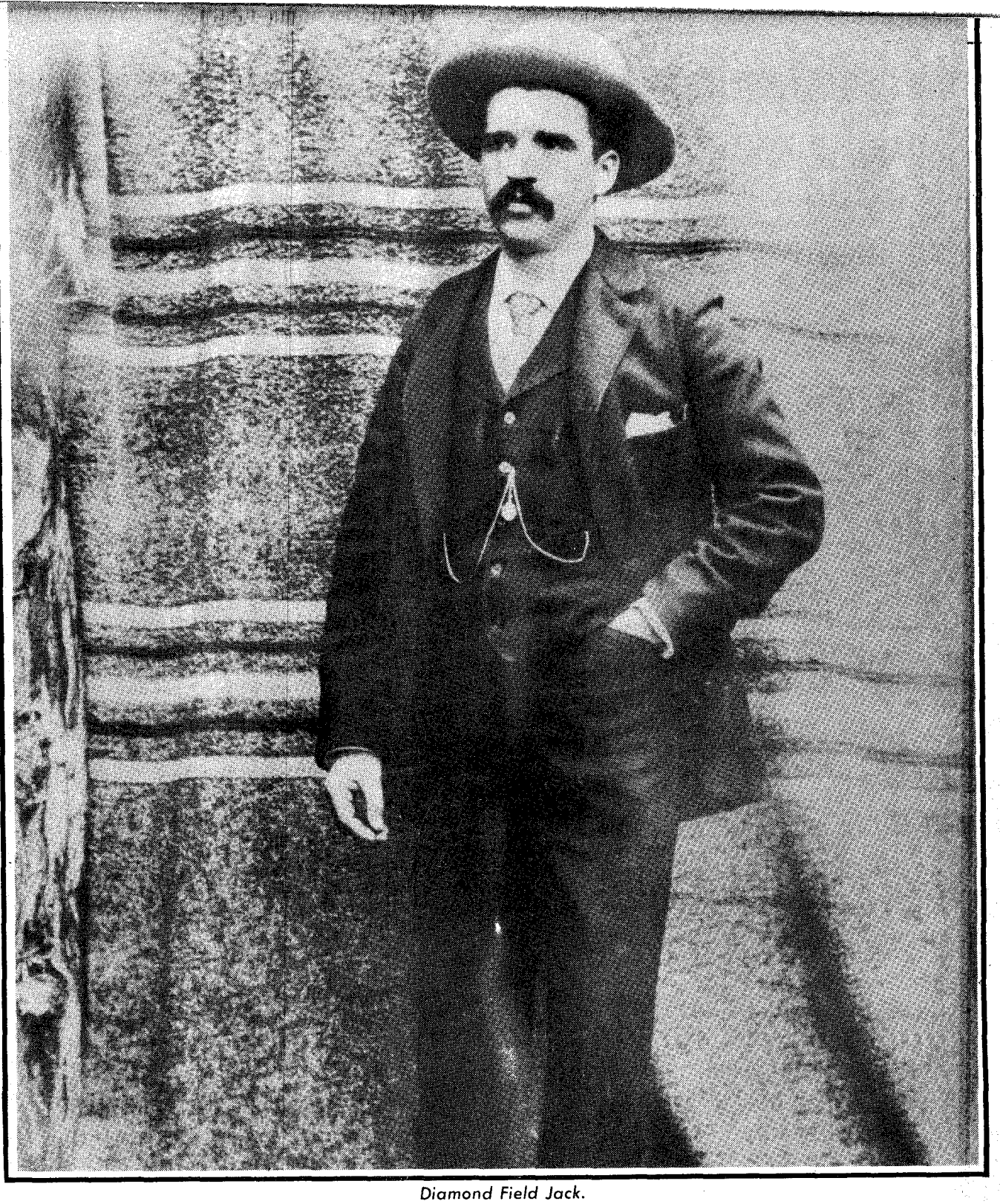

Idaho Historical Society

Diamond Field Jack.

to inspect it, after which he pronounced it suitable for the job. This was no ordinary man. All the while, he was maintaining his unruffled self-assurance, his unshakeable poise. During the 30-day period before the hanging, he played cards with the jailer or made hair ropes and small trinkets for children. He ate and slept well. Guilty or not, he had made a lasting peace with his Maker.

The last night came, the night before the hanging set for daybreak. Two hours before the time, the sheriff appeared with the death warrant. Jack rose, dressed and suggested a game of cards. The two were absorbed in their play when a clatter of hooves halted outside the door and someone pounded on it. It was Plunkett, one of Jack's lawyers. He poked a stay of execution from the Idaho Supreme Court into the sheriff's hands.

Once again he was brought to trial and once again found guilty. But this time the sentence was commuted to life imprisonment. Five years later, Governor Hunt, sceptical of the evidence against Davis, granted a full pardon. Thus ended his role as a pawn in the feud between sheep and cattle owners.

What was that evidence, after all? Nothing but circumstantial. No eyewitness testified to the killing; no hard facts pointed to Diamond Field Jack; no solid proof branded him as a cold-blood murderer. Morever, he wasn't that kind of guy. Or was he?

●RW

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The Death Of BROWN BOWEN

by Chuck Parsons

There often remains a nagging doubt when a man claims innocence up to the time he is hanged for murder. The following is a good example.

It is not uncommon for an individual to gain a certain degree of renown for only one act committed. It is equally true that fame results for some who actually do nothing intentionally to earn it. There are occasions when a combination of events and people's involvement result in a particular happening which brings fame or shame to one who, except for this particular instance, would otherwise be forgotten. Certainly this is the case for Brown Bowen and Thomas Holderman.* The latter's name survives today because he was slain by the former, who is known primarily because he was John Wesley Hardin's brother-in-law. Thus, both have earned our attention because of the circumstances which Fate chose to create: Bowen because of his relationship to gunfighter Hardin; Holderman because he was killed by Bowen.

Bowen died on the gallows, having been found guilty of Holderman's murder, although to the very end he claimed the real murderer was his brother-in-law, gunfighter Hardin. The killing itself was of a particularly shameful nature. Holderman was drunk and was either sleeping off the effects of his drunken state or was so close to being unconscious that he was unable to defend himself. One would think that whoever killed him would give him some chance of self-defense, at least ostensibly. This fact alone raises doubt as to the veracity of Bowen's claim that Hardin was the guilty one. Certainly there was no need for Hardin to murder a man while asleep, as he was most capable of a face-to face shoot-out. Bowen may have killed cowardly, but he at least died bravely on the gallows. There, in full view of thousands, he showed he had a spark of courage within.

The time and setting of the crime was Gonzales County, Texas, December 15, 1872, at a store operated by a man named Billings. There is evidence that it was connected with the Sutton-Taylor feud which was responsible for many deaths in the Gonzales County area, although the motives for this killing are somewhat vague. Indications are that Holderman may have been an informer for the State Police. Hardin does not discuss this particular killing in his autobiography, so we have nothing from his point of view except his flat-out denial. The Austin *Daily Democratic Statesman,* however, recorded Bowen's last words which provide us with his version. The following, an *ante mortem* statement prepared by Bowen and read by Reverend Seale on the gallows, gives us some details:

"I have been tried and condemned for a crime, as I said before, of which I am not guilty. J.W. Hardin killed Thomas Holderman, for the only reason that he was afraid of him being a spy for J. Tomlinson, J. Holmes, and W.W. Davis. He told me himself that these men had sent Holderman to watch him. I started from my father's to go to Billings' store to buy coffee. J.W. Hardin went with me there.

After we got to Billings' Birstell and Holderman came in. Holderman and I were personal friends. Hardin walked up to Holderman and asked him to let him have his horse to run a race. Holderman told him he had just come from Harrisburg, and could not run his horse. From that a quarrel ensued. I went one time and took Holderman away from Hardin; in fact, several times. Holderman stopped under a tree. Hardin and Gyp Clements went into the store and commenced drinking, after which Hardin called me out of the store. When he got out I asked him what he wanted. He told me he was going to show me how to kill a man. I told him for God's sake not to do that, for there was no harm at all in him, and he was my friend. After the deed was done I came into the store.

Shortly after, J.W. Hardin and Billings' little boy came in. Gyp Clements asked him if that was done right. Hardin told him yes, it was equal to our Kansas trip. Hardin took me out and told me that if anything was said about it for me to say I did it. I told him I could not do that. From that time on I was watched closely. Hardin left me to go to Clements' house, but went to Holderman's and told him I killed his son, and on that I was arrested. This, fellow citizens, is the truth. I am not guilty of this terrible crime."

Two of the three men Holderman supposedly was spying for are familiar to us as they were leaders among the Sutton group. "J. Tomlinson" refers to Joseph Tomlinson, who narrowly escaped being killed in a Hardin ambush; "J. Holmes" undoubtedly was the State Police Captain Jack Helms, who would not long after fall before the guns of Wes Hardin and Jim Taylor. The name W.W. Davis possibly was a reference to Governor E.J. Davis, who created the State Police force, although one would think that the name of the Governor would be correctly given.

"Gip," Jipson Clements, was first cousin of Hardin and brother of Mannen, Jim, and Joe, all ranchers who had made trips up the trails to Kansas. The "Kansas trip" was no doubt a reference to the trip to Abilene in the summer of 1871. Hardin killed over half a dozen men during that Kansas summer. Undoubtably Bowen made the same trip and was familiar with the killings. The wording in the gallows statement indicates that Clements' and Hardin's reference to Kansas were made with the awareness that Bowen comprehended them.

Bowen was arrested shortly after the Holderman killing and placed in the Gonzales County jail. Hardin and

*The following spellings were used by the contemporary press: Holderman, Holdeman, and Haldeman. I have chosen to use the spelling of the Austin DAILY DEMOCRATIC STATESMAN.

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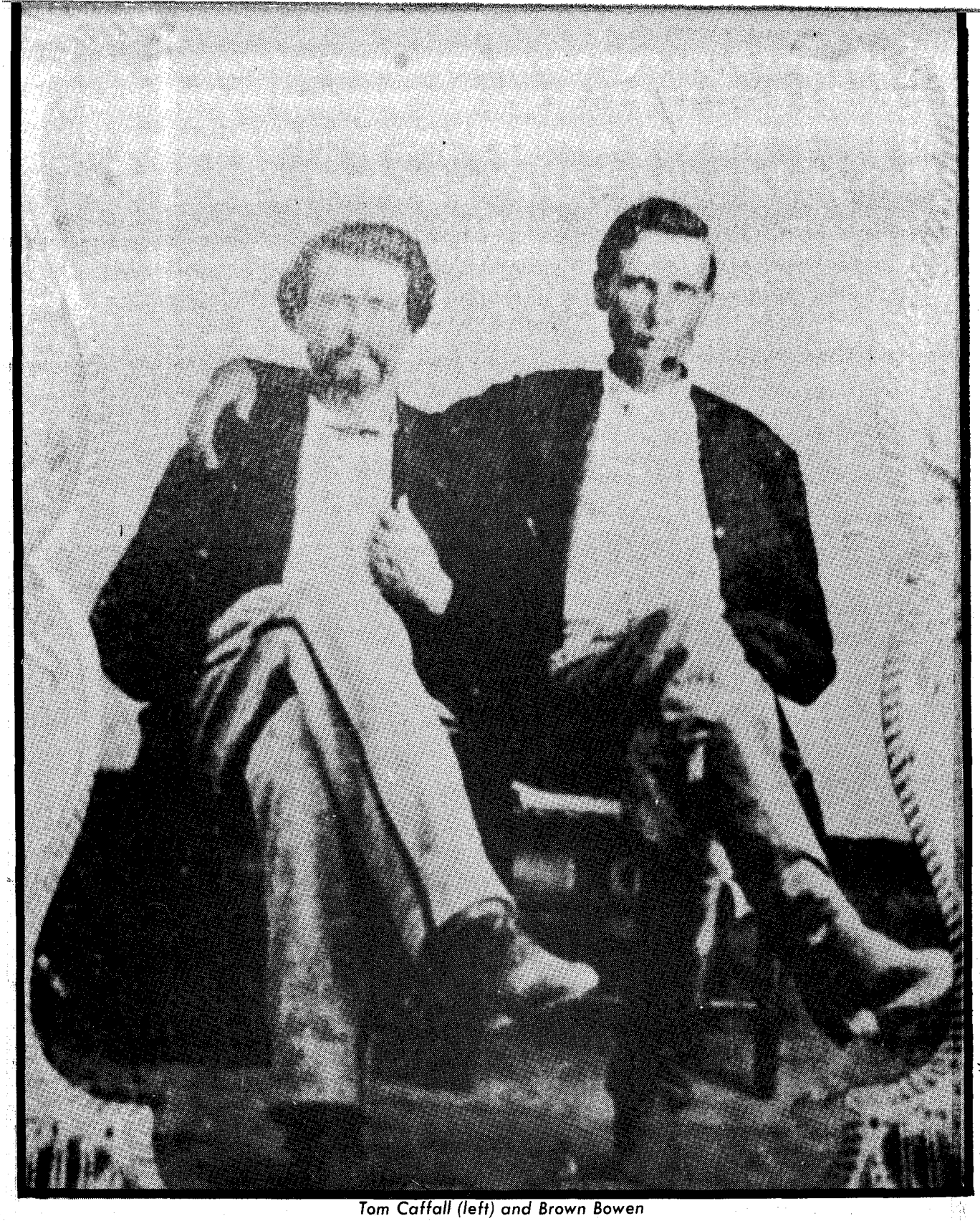

Tom Caffall (left) and Brown Bowen

The Library, San Marcos, Texas

others broke him out and he fled to Florida where relatives lived. For five years he remained in hiding. Hardin himself showed up in Florida in 1874 to escape the Texas Rangers who were pursuing him for his killing of Charles Webb, the Deputy Sheriff of Brown County. Through an intercepted letter written by Bowen to his father, it was learned where Hardin was hiding. On August 23, 1877 Rangers John Armstrong and Jack Duncan, with several Florida officials, captured Hardin. On September 1 of the same year Bowen was arrested through arrangements made by Armstrong; he was then extradited in October, 1877.

Bowen was placed in the Travis County jail in Austin, where Hardin was also being held. At this point in time there was apparently no ill will between the two, although Hardin could rightfully blame Bowen for their both being incarcerated. Among Hardin's correspondence there is an undated letter written to his wife, Jane, who was then residing at Whiting, Alabama. He describes briefly some news of Brown's situation (without corrections):

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"Brown has been playing the fidle ... I have seen him Several times he Says that he is fatter than he ever was. they found him guilty of murder in the 1st degree for killing tom Haldeman he has Stood tryal and is Here for Safe Keeping he has also appealed His case Brown Sends his love to all and Says Kiss the children for him and Also Sends His love to Mary and Little Neal Brown says for you to write Sends his love to uncle Neil and Family He Says to tell Marry that he is enjoying good Health and in good Spirits and that He would like to hear from them all any time..."

Hardin mentions Brown a number of times in different letters, but other than statements telling of his sending love to the family members, there is no information of value except what is printed elsewhere in this article.

At this time Hardin and Bowen felt they would be jailed but for a short time; Hardin believed he would be found not guilty on a self-defense plea, and Bowen believed he would be found not guilty because he would accuse Hardin of the Holderman killing. Both were wrong.

Bowen claimed at his trial that Hardin had actually done the killing and that the State's witness, thirteen-year-old Mac Billings, son of the store proprietor, had mistaken him for Hardin. There was a great deal of interest in the trial, since for a while it seemed to some that the lawless element of Texas could not be subdued.

There appeared a change in newspaper reporting at the time of Hardin's capture, as the fact that the number-one desperado had been captured marked a turning point. The Austin *Statesman* of August 25, 1877, wrote: "It has been asserted by some, and believed by others, that King Fisher and the Taylors, the Scott Cooleys and Bill Longleys, Ham White and Wesley Hardin could not be arrested, but each and every one of them, and many more as bad and desperate as they, have been brought to grief, and the country begins to breathe easy."

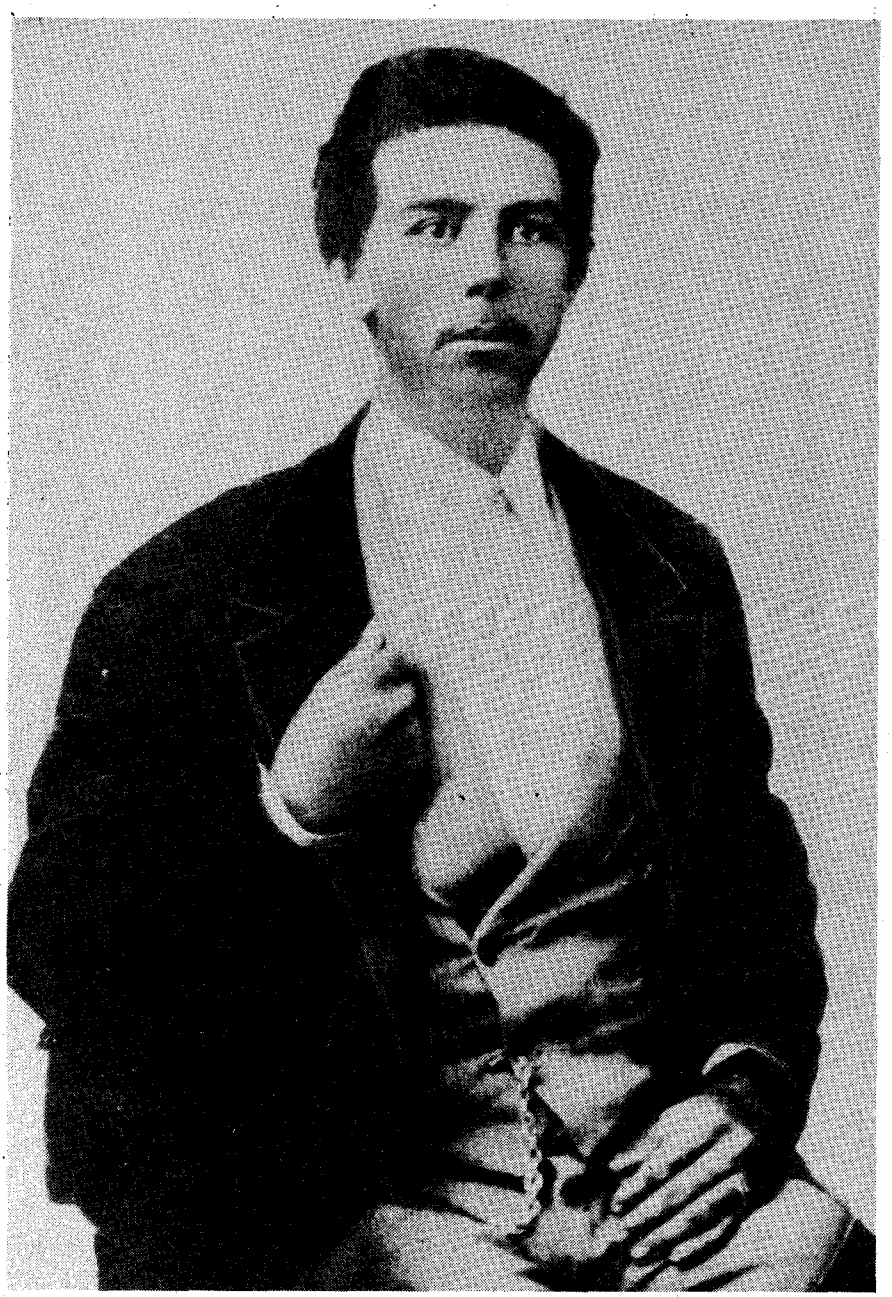
Shortly before, Bill Longley had been captured in Louisiana. On September 3, just days after Hardin's capture and return to Texas, he was found guilty of murder and sentenced to hang. Frequently the newspapers referred to Bowen and Longley together as they both awaited the hangman's noose, Bowen at Gonzales and Longley at Giddings.

Bowen's statements that Hardin was actually the guilty man were published, and Hardin felt compelled to answer the charges to defend his name. The letter was written April 1, 1878, published April 10, and was addressed to the editors of the *Statesman:*

"... Brown Bowen stated that before his God he was to be hung for another man's crime, and that he did not commit the murder of Thomas Holderman, that John Hardin did it, and as I believe you wish to represent facts and not deceive the people, I wish that you will find space enough in your paper to do so and let the people of Texas know that Brown Bowen was not convicted on circumstantial evidence ... but that he, Brown Bowen, was convicted by positive proof of an eyewitness, whose testimony is unimpeachable and by his own confession previous to his arrest. My load is heavy enough without carrying any such a man's load as Brown Bowen's. I refer you to Miller & Sayers of Gonzales, and the good people of Gonzales County. By so doing, you will only be doing me, as well as the people of the State of Texas, simple justice, which is all I ask. I do not wish to comment further, and am really sorry that I have to do this but self-preservation is the first law of nature."

Neal Bowen, in an effort to save his son, attempted to secure petitions for time and commutation of punishment. He and a daughter, Matt E. Bowen, both appealed directly to Hardin in the Travis County

(continued on page 58)



N. H. Rose collection, Western History Collection, University of Oklahoma.

John Gipson "Gip" Clements

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THE AMERICAN INDIAN

REAL WEST facts about the Indian and his way of life.

THE INDIAN AND THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT

By NONO MINOR, Curator of Plains Indians, Kansas City, Museum of History.

The Federal Government had many separate treaties with the American Indian. Many of these treaties placed the responsibility of educating the Indian in the hands of the government. In 1792, Chief Cornplanter of the Seneca visited President George Washington, asking that the Government teach the children of his tribe to read and write and also teach the women to weave. In 1794, one of the first treaties with the Indian was made with the tribes of the Oneidas, Tuscaroras, and Stockbridge Nations. Also in this same year, a Federal directive to provide the "blessings of civilization" to the Indian through treaties was issued.

In 1819, Congress passed a law containing a "civilization fund" which appropriated $16,000 annually to provide elementary education services to Indians. The funds provided by this act were channeled through religious and mission groups and were to be used for education of Indian children. In the late 1840s the Federal Government and the private mission groups combined to launch the first Indian boarding - school system. In 1860 the first nonmission Federal Indian school was started. A great deal of money was spent for Indian schools until Congressional Acts of 1896, 1897, and 1917 established that no further Federal funds for the education of Indian children could go to sectarian schools.

During President Andrew Jackson's administration, repeated efforts were made to regularize Federal Indian Administration through legislation. The War Department was head of the Indian Affairs. In 1828 there were reports of complaints due to lack of organized systems.

In 1829, William Clark, of Lewis and Clark Expedition fame, had been a territorial governor in Indian territory for many years and also superintendent of Indian Affairs. Lewis Cass, also a Territorial governor in Indian territory and in 1831 Secretary of War, issued a report calling for new legislation that would ensure a faithful disbursement of the public money and to enforce a strict accountability and a prompt settlement of accounts.

As a result of this report, Congress passed a Trade and Intercourse Act in 1834, setting up an Office of Indian Affairs and modernizing trade practices. Treasury Secretary Robert J. Walker, noting the increase of lands to be supervised in the growing new country of the United States, and the need for establishing more peaceful relations with the Indians, added his sentiment to the many who advocated transfer of the Bureau of Indian Affiars from the War Department and form a new one for it.

Treasury Secretary Walker said the duties performed by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs were numerous and important. The number of tribes scattered over Texas, Oregon, New Mexico and California would greatly increase these duties; with the progress of so many of the tribes in Christianity, knowledge and 'civilization,' the duties of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs did not necessarily appertain to war, but to peace and to domestic relations with the tribes which were placed by the Constitution under the charge of the Government.

In 1849 the Department of the Interior was created, and the Bureau of Indian Affairs passed from military to civil control. The work of the new department consisted of attempts at "civilizing" the Indians by training them for farming or trades.

Tension started growing between the Indians and the whites in the Western territories in the late 1850s, lasting through the 1860s. The railroad began moving West; this caused a number of Indian uprisings. The removal policy, or removal of Indians from their original lands, had begun. This had been successful with the Five Civilized tribes, partly because they envisioned an Indian nation fully sovereign and federated. The Indians of the Plains, however, resisted all military moves to relocate them. They had the horse and guns, and bitter battles broke out against any further encroachment on their lands or their way of life.

In 1862, Secretary of the Interior Cabe Smith recommended a "radical change in the mode of treatment of the Indians," but to regard them as "wards" of the Government. Consequently, the Bureau's efforts were often in conflict with military policy.

After the Civil War, Congress authorized establishment of an Indian Peace Commission. This comprised of four civilians and three military leaders; among them were Indian Commissioner Nathanel G. Taylor and General William Tecumseh Sherman.

Peace Commission field trips had disclosed, in a report of 1867, corruption among Indian agents. The report showed that Agents pocketed many of the funds appropriated by the Government for the Indian care, and the Indians were almost driven to starvation. The report also put the corruption of the Indian Agents or their incompetence as part of the blame for the many Indian incidents, one of these being the Sioux uprising in Minnesota in 1862.

In 1867 and 1868 the Indian Peace Commission negotiated the last of 370 treaties with the Indians. These treaties settled tribes of the Upper Great Plains, tribes of the Southwest and tribes of the Northwest on various reservations in the West. The last treaty was signed August 12, 1868 with the Nez Perce of Oregon. This treaty removed the Nez Perce to new reservation lands in Idaho.

In 1869 a Board of Indian Commissioners was named by Congress with the responsibility for advising the Secretary of the Interior on matters relating to Indian affairs. At the same time, President Grant requested religious organizations to nominate Indian agency superintendents. The Board of Indian Commissioners was

(continued on page 57)

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PEARL YOUNGER AND THE FALLING STARRS

by Bill Kelly

Chronicling two generations of a family usually uncovers an immediate relative or two who lead quiet, unassuming lives. Not so with the family of Belle Starr and daughter Pearl.

Bill Kelly Collection

Pearl Younger, very rare photo. Took the name of Younger but was never married to Cole.

Myra Shirley was born on February 5, 1848 in Medoc, Missouri, ten miles outside of Carthage. Christened Myra Maybelle Shirley, she was later to become known as the famous "Bandit Queen" Belle Starr, or as noted by Carl Breihan, the great historian of Western history, "Bella" Starr. To avoid a major commotion, neither way is objectionable since she signed her name 'both' ways.

A memorialist wrote of her long after her death: "I can remember when Belle was known from Dodge to Texas as 'The Outlaw Queen.' She had half-dozen notches on her rifle and was a match for the best of the gunfighters in an even shooting match. Belle's daddy, John Shirley, was a judge, but before she died she busted about all the laws her father ever read."

Judge Shirley (honorary title only) was married to Elizabeth Hatfield, related to the feuding Hatfields. The Judge, who hailed from Virginia, was well fixed and spent a lot of money educating his daughter to be a lady. But the country along the Missouri - Kansas border was a poor place to try and raise a lady, and Belle had to learn to ride and shoot like a man.

Belle had four brothers and a sister: Edwin Benton, called Edward, John Allison, Mansfield, and Cravens. All four of the boys were born in Missouri. The other girl, Charlotte, was born in Iowa.

Ed Shirley was one of the Missouri bushwhackers who rode with Quantrill; undoubtedly, he was Belle's favorite. Before the war was over, Edward had been killed in some unblighted area, and some say that Belle tried to fill his shoes.

After the war the Shirley family retreated to Texas, where Belle threw in with Cole Younger and Jesse James just about the time they were getting organized.

It is a matter of controversy who fathered "Baby Pearl," and most writers agree that Cole Younger was the 'guilty' party. But not I. Recently a narrative manuscript was uncovered, written by Richard H. (Dick) Reed. He was the older brother of Jim Reed, first husband to Belle Starr. In his manuscript he states that Jim was married to Myra Mabelle (whom they called May) in 1865 in Decatur, Collins County, Missouri, and tells of his constant association with her during their childhood. The manuscript also states that he was present at the birth of 'their' daughter whom they called 'Rosie Lee.'

After Jim Reed was killed, Maybelle went to live with Bruce Younger, a cousin of Cole, and from this association 'Rosie Lee' became known as Pearl Younger. Later Belle married Sam Starr.

These are the *facts,* uncovered by John E. Reed, son of Dick Reed who has the manuscript in his possession today, and who lives in Ashland, Oregon, at last check.

And so we find the lunch is in the pail. "Baby Pearl" was *not* born out of wedlock and fathered "beyond question" by Cole Younger, as the immortal historian, Homer Croy, wrote.

Baby Pearl, was born in Texas in 1867, and Edwin (Ed-

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die) Reed, her brother, fathered also by Jim Reed, was born in Rich Hill, Missouri, in 1868.

A temperamental young man, it wasn't long before Belle's husband shot and killed the slayer of his brother, and with a price on his head he and Belle lit out for California. After a couple of years they returned to Texas. Reed was still on the dodge and would leave his hide-out and ride to see his wife and children whenever he thought it was safe.

It was on one of these trips that he fell in with a former friend, John Morrice (called Morris by some historians, but not according to the long lost manuscript).

Reed had known and trusted Morrice for many years.

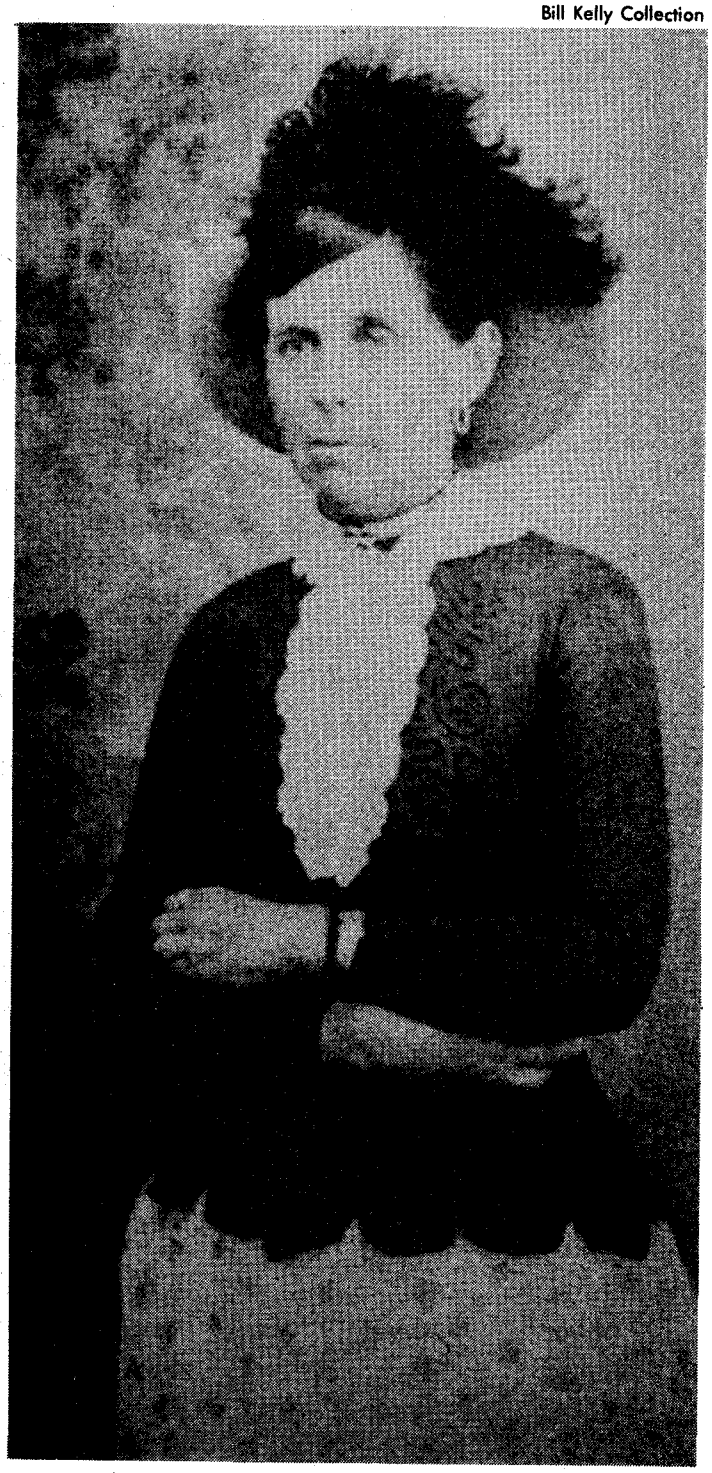
One night they stopped at a farmhouse for dinner. Morrice went to wash up. Soon he reappeared, a light mulatto with a tinge of red in his bushy hair. There was nothing vindictive or even mock - menacing about his expression. Suddenly, on that brisk night in August of 1874, he caught Reed off guard, and before Reed knew what happened, Morrice had pumped him full of lead. Reed fell like an avalanche. Morrice just couldn't resist the temptation of the reward. It was as if Vladimir de Pachmann had assaulted a pupil with a piano stool.

Returning to the Indian Territory, Belle allied herself with a gang of cattle / horse thieves. For a time she lived with Blue Duck, a robber of minor caliber. When Sam Starr, son of Tom Starr, a prominent Cherokee Indian scout, entered the scene, Belle quickly gave Blue Duck the brush. For those who are keeping score, the prison records show that Blue Duck served eight and a half years behind bars and developed tuberculosis. Then, when it

Bill Kelly Collection

Jim July, husband of Belle Starr's daughter, Pearl, whom Belle named Jim Starr.

Bill Kelly Collection



Bella (or Belle) Starr, widely publicized photo.

was finally believed he was on the brink of death, President Cleveland pardoned him on March 15, 1895, so that he might die outside of the prison walls, which he did.

Belle and Sam Starr soon settled down on his ranch near Briartown, along the Canadian River, which Belle later dubbed 'Younger's Bend,' located seventy - five miles west of Fort Smith. Principally, it was a hide-out for outlaws on the run. It was deep in the willows of the wild country, where a stranger could be spotted easily in time for a 'wanted' man to vanish.

Having thus established their independence, they faced Judge Parker with the kind of casualness that comes from being on top. In Parker's court in Arkansas, Belle was sentenced to six months in the federal prison at Detroit. Sam was sentenced to one year at a slow rate of deterioration on the rock pile.

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By the time Belle was home again, Pearl was nineteen and old enough to know better, but to Belle, she was still her precious baby. Young Eddie was seventeen and adored by both his sister and his mother. But he was hard to handle. He had a propensity for bringing out the worst in others. All Belle wanted to do was to get enough money to leave the Indian Territory and live a life of respectability, for her children's sake. But fortune frowned.

Pearl fell madly in love with a man who lived below the Canadian. An independent chap, he one night asked for permission to marry Pearl. Belle went into a rage and ran him off the place. When Pearl objected, she was sent back to friends in Chickalah, Arkansas, until things cooled off. Two months later, Pearl returned home to mother, somehow prettier, but the workmanship was not of the same excellence. I mean, she was five months pregnant. Belle learned that there was a differnece between being too cautious and overcautious, which is to be not cautious enough.

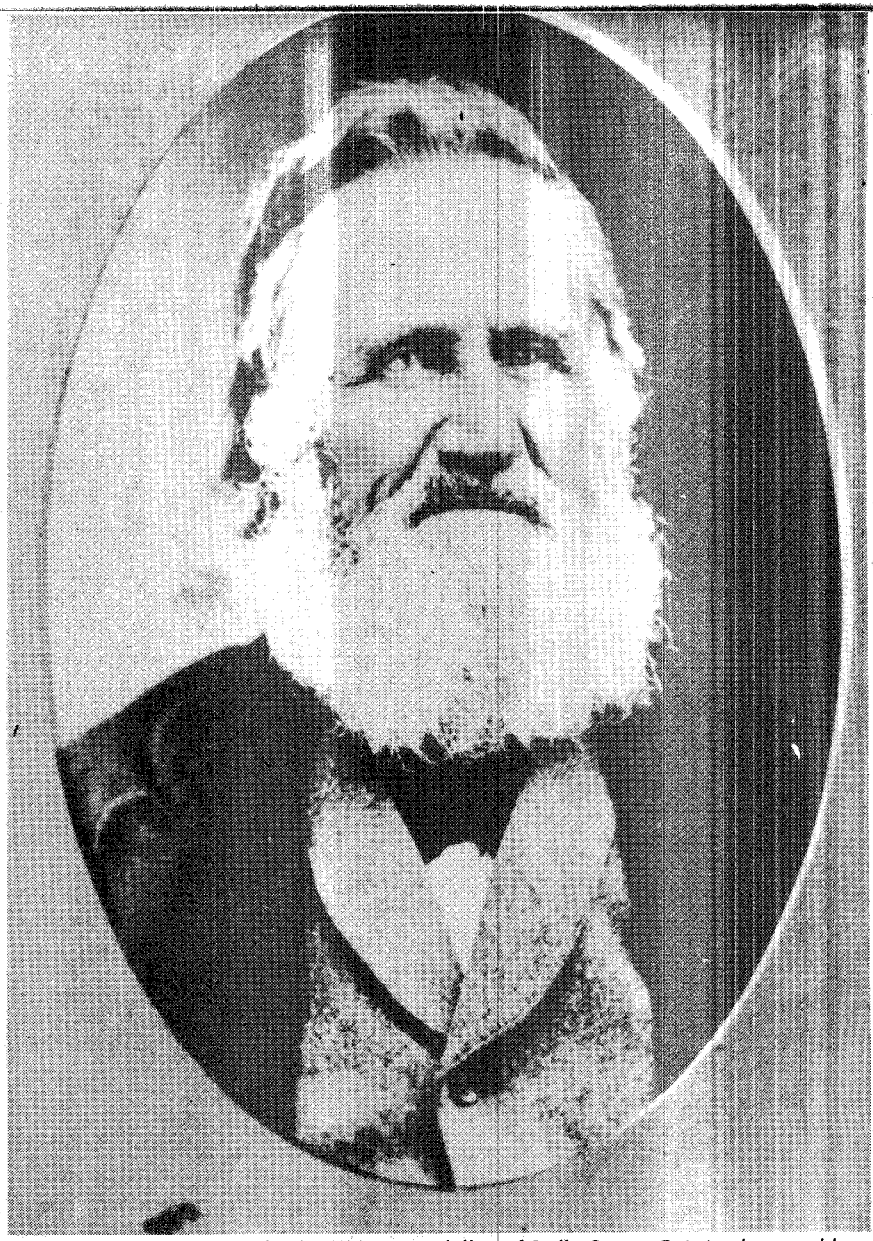
Belle was furious. This was enough to rearrange anybody's emotional pattern. She threatened to kill the man who had gotten her "Canadian Lily" in that condition. Things had gone sour alright, but Pearl refused to name the varmint; perhaps truthfully, she couldn't with any accuracy. Refusing to knuckle under to her mother's demands that she submit to an abortion, Pearl was driven from Younger's Bend.

She had enough money to make it to Rich Hill, Missouri, where lived kindly old Grandmother Reed, who took her in. When the old lady traveled to Siloam Springs, Arkansas, for her health, Pearl accompanied her, and it was here at the health resort that her baby was born on April 12, 1887. It was a girl, and they called her Flossie. Little Flossie never enjoyed the privilege of her grandmother's personal acquaintance; nor did Belle care.

But she did want to see her daughter; Belle wrote several times, begging her to return, but Pearl ignored her.

A man of matchless skills for getting himself into trouble, Eddie got himself shot up by some whiskey peddlers. The festering sores took weeks to heal, but he was not on the brink of death. Belle notified Pearl by mail that if she wanted to see her brother alive, she'd better hurry. Pearl left her baby in good hands and returned to Younger's Bend.

Apparently, Eddie recovered, and Belle turned on the charm to get her



Bill Kelly Collection

Extremely rare photo of Edgar Watson, killer of Belle Starr. Original owned by Bill Kelly. Only known photo discovered by Walter Arbuckle in an old trunk with some letters written by his grandmother, who stated she was a friend of Watson's third wife. This authentic photo is beyond question and is a great historical find. Substantiated by 99 - year - old Harold Parkhurst who once bought some syrup from him.

two children to stay with her. There was only one catch. Pearl must contact her aunt in Wichita to put little Flossie up for adoption. Pearl was a miserable creature; pushed and pressed, she resisted and yielded, argued and fell silent, fought and retreated. Slowly, at a maximum cost, she took a step backward and consented, not realizing that it was, in truth, a victory for little Flossie. I mean, who wants to grow up with everybody shooting at you.

Sam returned to Younger's Bend after he was freed, but he was a changed man. He took up his tools of destruction and headed westward in 1885, which, of course, explains why Belle took up with John Middleton. Middleton was a clay - tinted man, perhaps unaware of the fate predicted for him; he looked friendly and invulnerable, heavily muscled, had sort of a high - school freshness. He stayed on until Sam decided he wanted to return to the land he had been given by the government because he was part Cherokee.

Like endless rolls of gray dough, the dark rain clouds drifted over Younger's Bend. The dark shadows took giant steps across the valley and became entrapped in melancholy rows as the wind whistled through the bent trees. Thunder, lightning, then heavy rains beat upon the sod.

There in the North forty, in a mixture of blood and muddy rainwater lay Middleton. He had been ambushed, shot to death. Sam Starr had come home.

It was December, a chilly snow began to fall. It was in 1886 and Christmas was but a few days off.

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Sam Starr became involved in a shooting scrape with Frank West at a dance hall called "Aunt Lucy Surratt's," located in a cabin on the Briarton road. It was over in a twinkling. Before he checked out, sinking to the floor, his face contorted with pain, with his right hand he lifted his pistol and brought down the Indian Deputy with him.

Along came Jim July, handsome in a way. His profile, a sweeping arc from cranium to chin, rested on his long mandibles chillingly. He presented an unfriendly appearance. A well-educated twenty-four-year-old Creek, he looked after Pearl and Eddie the best he could. Belle requested that he change his name to Jim July Starr, afterwards shortened to Jim Starr. Nineteen years younger than Belle, Jim was under federal indictment on a grand-larceny charge. Belle thought that there was not enough evidence against him, so she talked him into giving himself up.

They rode part of the way together, and Belle kissed Jim goodbye and started back towards Younger's Bend. On the way back she became tired and stayed overnight at San Bois.

It was 4PM, Sunday afternoon, February 3, 1889, just two days before her birthday. Belle was riding the trail of death that encircled the farm of Edgar Watson, a miserable creature whom Belle disliked. As she reached the top of the steep incline, near the gate a rattle of buckshot ripped into her body, her left arm hanging in rags of bloody flesh and almost bone from elbow to wrist. Belle tumbled from her saddle, face down in a puddle of muddy water. She had been killed by two loads of mixed shot from a scattergun.

While lying unconscious, her killer walked up to her, took her pistol from her holster and shot her through the skull. He then returned the weapon.

Tracks led from the murder scene to the home of Watson, who was arrested. Then again, there were those who said that Edward, Belle's son, had done the job, simply because she had beaten him with a belt for taking her favorite horse without permission. There are many today who believe he is the chief suspect.

No matter what outlaw you favor, you will always find different accounts of his life or untimely death. This is a hollow formality.

This is no reflection on the veracity of research on the writers' part. It is impossible for the most talented historian to put together a true story that is unchallenged by another writer, who may or may not have been the victim of an inherited story that in the end turned out to be just a rumor or an outright lie.

Disregarding the story that Pearl ran to her mother's side, tensed with discovery, just in time to hear Belle whisper in her ear: "Eddie done it" (which would have been a neat trick with a bullet in her brain), we will go to the man who more than likely *did* kill Belle: Mr. Ed Watson.

Edgar Watson of Chatham Bend was a solidly constructed fellow, and with him trouble flowed down like flour out of a chute.

For openers, he had been married three times. All his wives were Colimbia County women. He got into a shooting scrape there and escaped by shooting into the crowd. By sheer luck he made it to Arkansas and later into the infested Indian Territory. He became a neighbor of Belle Starr, which ended in trouble and her death. After killing Belle he looked as if he had been glad to escape with his life when he entered Arcadia, a small town without an honor system. Here he shot and killed Quinn Bass, a small man with a mashed nose and quick eyes. It is a tribute to Watson's salesmanship that he got out of that one, and for a while he made a living cutting buttonwood and taking it to Key West.

With little wonder he had words with Adolphus Santini, a well-liked citizen who ended up with his throat cut. Santini carried a nasty scar the rest of his days. This one cost Watson $200 to get out of. Next he purchased a claim on Lostman's Key from Winky Atwell. Before Watson could get settled, a man named Tucker and his nephew moved in and wouldn't move out. Finally Watson lost his composure and killed them both. This one cost him plenty. Next, Watson gunned down a man named Tolens; again a costly mistake.

He then listened to some pearls of wisdom and returned to Chatham Bend where he went into the business of making maple syrup; but trouble lurked nigh. He shot and killed Dutchy Melvin, his seventh victim. A few days later he shot Leslie Cox deader than a door nail.

The people were now up in arms and decided to end Watson's evil ways. A crowd gathered on October

Mrs. Dorothy Haile, Rt. 1, Hawley, Texas 79525

Only known photo of the Crittenden brothers in death after they were killed by Eddie Starr. An old photo, it has been torn off. The brother visible is thought to be Zeke, for Dick was short and stumpy. This photo is from Mrs. Dorothy Haile, Hawley, Texas, whose father was City marshal at the time of the killings.

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24, 1910, and caught Watson at the river's edge at Chokoloskee and shot him down. He was taken to Rabbit Key and buried.

Later his body was dug up and taken to Fort Myers and reburied by Captain William B. Collier of Marco.

The plot was marked by a big slab marked only ... WATSON.

His particular grave in the plot was marked by a small stone, engraved:

EDGAR J. WATSON
Nov. 11, 1855
Oct. 24, 1910

This was the end of Ed Watson, killer of Belle Starr. And those who knew him were expansively delighted.

Now Pearl and brother Ed were cooked. Belle had done them a gross injustice. I mean, she left them Younger's Bend and a few hundred bucks, meaning that readjustments would have to be made in their life styles. They had been ripped off.

They could not sell the land, and if they left it, it would automatically go back to the Cherokee Tribal Council.

Mabel Harrison had been brought to Younger's Bend by Belle to keep Pearl from getting lonely. It didn't prey on Belle's conscience that maybe Pearl's daughter would have filled the gap. Also joining the household was Mabel's brother, Will Harrison. He did odd jobs about the place, covering the entire sixty acres. Eddie had outgrown work years before. He had too much character for that sort of thing.

It was a lonely life and a lonely place. Will was a shy fellow; his face wore a pleasant asymmetrical grin, rather good - looking. He was not exactly gabby, and Pearl fell in love with him. Will fumbled through the romance and finally they were married. The two lovers moved from Younger's Bend to Tamaha, an unsettled little place on the Arkansas River in the Indian Territory. It was a town fraught with temptations.

Here, Pearl outgrew Harrison. The pert bride divorced her husband, leaving him to struggle in the inflationary madness without even an income.

Poor Pearl moved like a gull on a wave. Not knowing where to turn, she moved in with her brother, Eddie, in Van Buren, Arkansas.

Eddie rapped out a living by bootlegging whiskey to the Indians. It didn't seem to bother him that it was a federal offense. All he knew was that it was 'meat and potatoes.'

History records, however, that Eddie Starr was well liked. In 1891, to show their appreciation, the state of Ohio gave him a custom - made suit, and he was given free room and board at the Ohio State Penitentiary, the second time in seven years they had so honored him.

Mrs. Dorothy Haile, Rt. 1, Hawley, Texas 79525

George W. Perry, the first city marshal of Fort Gibson, Oklahoma, who had trouble with the Crittenden Brothers, Dick & Zeke. Eddie Starr came to his aid and killed them both. Perry was shot in the chest near Van Buren, Arkansas, while hunting outlaws and died of the wounds several years later.

For the first time in her life Pearl was alone. She was frightened. I mean, it was a murderous responsibility, trying to feed herself. It points to the need of a girl alone to fall back on Mother Nature. She became a whore.

This was not only the answer to the price of goods, but it would destroy the American industry, which was paying coolie wages anyhow. She made a few bucks in Van Buren, but her dream was to establish her own house across the bay in Fort Smith.

Many writers claim that Pearl did all this to get enough money to help spring her brother from prison. This is tough to accept.

In 1891 Pearl Younger opened up her house of soiled doves at 25 Water Street. It was seated on a crumbling but still almost genteel neighborhood at the front of the eastern slope. Here, for the next twenty - three years, she was to operate freely, playing a dual role of prostitute and madam.

Competition was no bother; Fort Smith was enjoying a boom, and there was enough for all. Hundreds of men flocked to the frontier town, itching to spend their money from the diggings in the mountains on a woman, saloons or vast gambling establishments.

During her spectacular career Pearl reaped in a fortune, hired a famous lawyer, and in 1893 Eddie walked out of the high gray walls a free man. Gratefully, he returned to Pearl.

Within an earshot of bad news at the local bar, Eddie got wind of where the money had come from. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good. He managed to look indignant as he confronted Pearl. He mounted up with tears in his eyes and headed for Judge Parker's court, where he got a job as a deputy marshal, operating out of the wild Indian Territory.

This wasn't the easiest way to make a living; the salary was poor and only payable when a man brought in his quarry. Eddie wasn't to be envied.

It happened in October, 1896. Little is known of the Crittenden brothers, Dick and Zeke. Breihan's *The Bandit Belle,* a gift to mankind, states that two years prior, Dick and Zeke were on the side of the law, and were in the posse composed of a sheriff who had a cherokee warrant for the arrest of Jim Cook. Breihan says that surrounding the house were "Sequoyah Houston, Dick Crittenden, estranged husband of Effie, Zeke Crittenden, Dick's brother, Bill Nickel, Isaac Greece, and two other men named Hicks and Brackett."

Breihan also states that... "A gunfight followed. Houston was killed, and Jim Cook was wounded seven times. After Houston fell, the posse withdrew, all except the two Crittenden brothers, who were afraid to turn their backs to depart. They remained and held their antagonists at bay inside the house until darkness, when they too retreated."

The Crittenden Brothers were in Fort Gibson. Ed Reed, son of Belle Starr, was also there. It wasn't planned, it just happened. George W. Perry, the first City marshal of Fort Gibson, Oklahoma, who stood six feet three inches and weighed over 200 pounds, was there. Perry was a virtuoso of anachronistic perfection in an age when gunmen were hurried along like artificially ripened tomatoes and buried before they could blossom. Perry's reputation was that the second best man in his class was not in his class at all.

The Crittendens were drunk and spoiling for a fight. Perry tried to quiet them down; he warned them and left the saloon. Not ones to stand up to Perry, the Crittendens decided to bushwhack the marshal.

Ed Reed, who stood a short distance away drinking his beer, heard the plans and followed the brothers outside.

Eddie waited in the shadows of darkness until the marshal appeared, and just as the Crittendens threw

(continued on page 62)

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ASK YOUR QUESTIONS

Conducted by Thomas A. Frazier

Q. In the November 1975 issue a question was asked by E. Cinq Mars of Duluth, Minnesota. Can you give me the full address, as I believe I may be a relative. F. Cinq Mars, Sedro - Wolley, Wash.
A. We are terribly sorry, Mr. Cinq Mars, but for obvious reasons we do not retain correspondence directed to ASK YOUR QUESTIONS. Outside of your request, which is the only one of its kind ever received, there would be no point in maintaining such a file.

Q. In regard to your answer to question #1 (Comanche), page 24, May edition, Comanche, the horse, was not the only survivor of the Custer fight; the Indians took away a number of horses, some of which wound up in Canada when Sitting Bull went north in 1877. This information was published in CANADA RIDES, Vol. 3, 1974 (March - April) in my article on pages 20 and 21. This publication originates at 2920 11th St., SE, Calgary, Alberta T2G-3G8. L.D. Underwood, Meppen. Ill.
A. Thank you for your letter, Mr. Underwood, which may correct a bit of history many of us have always believed. Your interest is appreciated.

Q. I have a small collection of bawdy - house tokens, supposedly coined about 1876 to 1880, made of brass. Could you give me the history of these and information as to their value as collector's items? G.G. Hubbert, Gulf Shores, Ala.
To be honest (and that is our policy) we had never heard of the practice of issuing tokens for admission to houses of joy, but it may very well have been done by the more progressive bistros. Perhaps some of our other readers can enlighten us. As to value, if authentic, that would depend on the individual collector.

Q. Is it true that a Western state was the first to grant women's suffrage? L. Corr, Tacoma, Wash.
A. According to our reference books, Wyoming granted women the vote in 1870.

Q. What was General Custer's record as a cadet at West Point? A. Duke, Laredo, Tex.
A. He was adept at collecting demerits and was a disaster as a scholar, graduating 34th in a class of 34.

Q. Wasn't the Younger boys' father a colonel and a judge? V. Brunell, Lincoln, Neb.
A. The father of the Younger boys (members of the James Gang) was known as "colonel" but the title was strictly honorary. (He came from Kentucky where the title abounds.) He was never a military man. He was called "judge" because that's what they called a man those days who had the responsibility for laying out roads, supervising the building of bridges, and overseeing the voting of road bonds. Today we would call such a man a county commissioner.

Q. In the course of the infamous raid on Lawrence, Kansas by Quantrill's band, how many men did Quantrill lose? B. Nally, St. Cloud, Minn.
A. Due mainly, no doubt, to the cowardice of the local militia, which fled at Quantrill's approach, he lost but one man.

Q. How old was Jesse James when he died? C. McCone, Chicago, Ill.
A. According to the gravestone erected by his mother, Jesse was 34 years, 6 months and 28 days old at the time of his murder.

Q. In regard to Judge Parker, the "Hanging Judge," why didn't the many criminals condemned by him make an appeal to a higher court? D. Perlingiero, Santa Fe, N.M.
A. Because, for the most of his tenure, there was no appeal (except to the President) from Judge Parker's sentence. Later, Congress passed a law allowing appeal to the Supreme Court.

Q. I read a Western book recently which mentions a "tumbleweed wagon" and I bet myself that you wouldn't know what it was. V. Girr, Phoenix, Ariz.
A. You were wise to bet only with yourself, because we evidently read the same book you did. A "tumbleweed wagon" was a prison van. It was a flat-bed wagon equipped with bows and a canvas top that could be rolled back, and it was drawn by a team of horses. At a distance it looked very much like the well - known covered wagon. Behind the driver's seat ran two benches extending to the tailgate. Leg irons were bolted to the floor alongside the benches. The driver went unarmed to prevent a prisoner from snatching his pistol.

Q. In the days of the Old West, how much would a good horse cost? L. Deacon, St. Paul, Minn.
A. You could purchase a very good horse for forty or fifty dollars. Your saddle could very well cost you more.

Q. What was Cherokee Bill's real name? Was he an Indian? M. Mills, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.
A. The psychotic killer Cherokee Bill's real name was Crawford Goldsby. Most people think he was an Indian, but actually he was a mixture, being one - eighth Cherokee, with parts of white (from both sides of the Rio Grande), and black.

Q. Where did the bandit Black - faced Charley Bryant get his nickname? P. Prendiville, Great Falls, Montana.
A. Charles was involved in a saloon brawl at one time in his checkered career during which a pistol was discharged too close to his face and the powder burned into his skin.

Q. How many men did the famous Marshal Evett Nix kill in his career? R. Cavanaugh, Glendale, Ariz.
A. According to everything authoritative which we've ever read, Marshal Evett Dumas Nix never killed anyone. He was no gunfighter and never pretended to be. What he was, was a superb organizer and administrator who put together the greatest organization of field marshals old Oklahoma (or the West) has ever known. ●RW

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CRIME SCENES IN EARLY SAN FRANCISCO

Edited by Don DeNevi

Photo courtesy of author.

David Steves at the time of his tours.

The following story was recently discovered in the archives of the Southern Pacific Transportation Company. It was written by David Steves, a young carpenter who recently arrived from New York to work for the railroad company.

When I arrived in San Francisco in the autumn of 1889, I found the new city to be most mysterious and impressive, especially in the gray of dawn when shadows of the human personality emerge in their fierceness in the earthly light and stillness of those eerie hours. Sunrise brings life to the old, sloped streets, but when pitch-darkness follows the last rose-light, fatigued souls begin their incarnation. And the city is left open to an infinite mystery and

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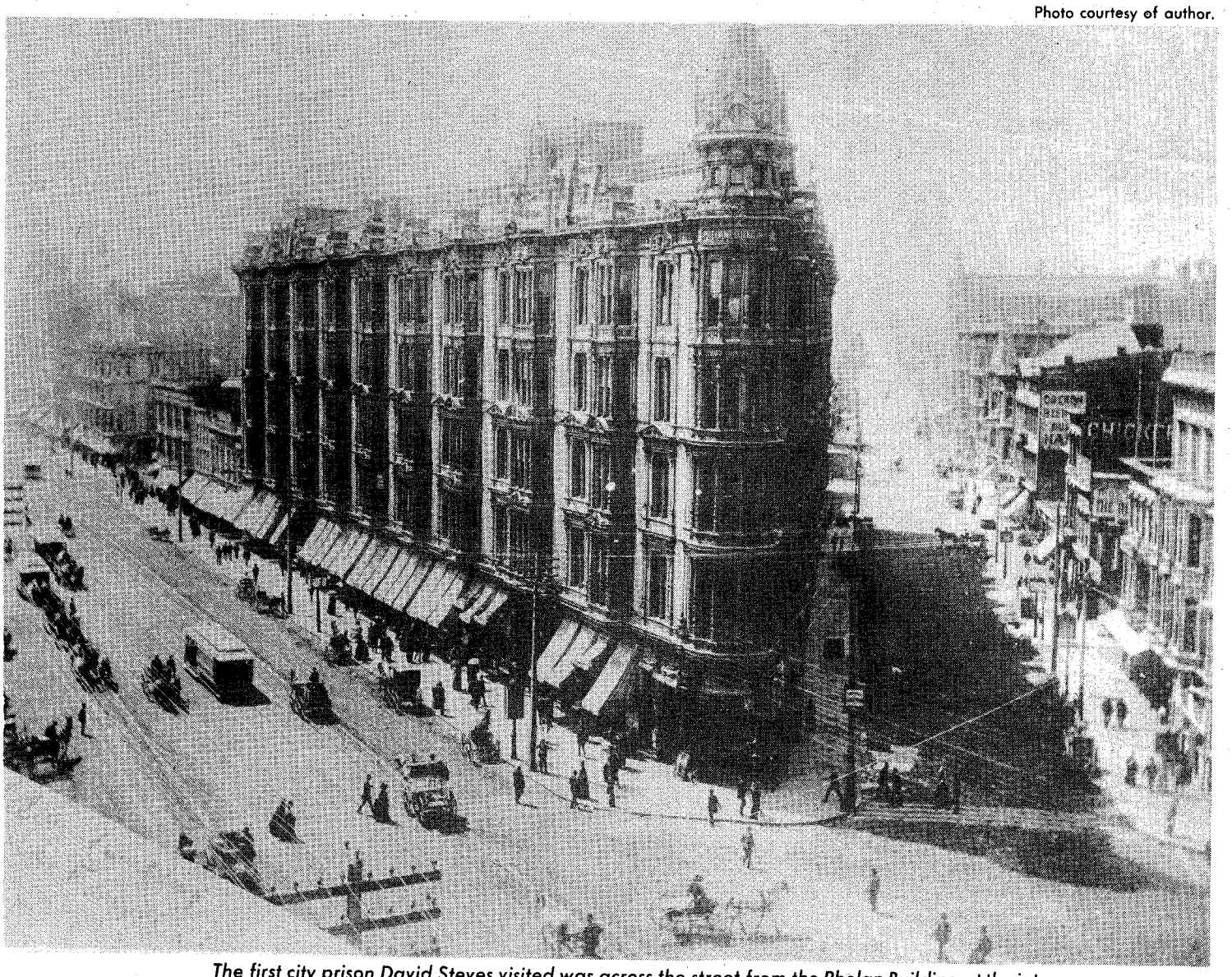
Photo courtesy of author.



The first city prison David Steves visited was across the street from the Phelan Building at the intersection of Market and O'Farrell (near sign that reads "chicken").

witchery. And murder, violent murder, is a common occurrence.

Seeking employment as a carpenter, I walked both the paved and boarded streets and saw many, many things. Perhaps the maintenance of law and order as applied by the peculiar customs of these Friscoans impressed me the most.

Crime narrows down to the port and dock areas as well as the areas of the wooden hut dwellers. Each quarter has its own riots, outrages, and killings. The quarters of the city are further subdivided into sections. Here and there across the streets may be noticed a series of square holes cut in the granite slab underfoot. Corresponding with them are round holes in a transverse beam overhead, and standing in a recess of the wall hard by are eight or ten stout saplings, like capstan-bars in a rock. In some streets at six, in others at seven, eight, and nine P.M., these bars are put up. In other streets there are actual gates, closed like a door; but they are rarer than the bars. If visitors dawdle too long in the shops, and happen to be shut into one of these sections, it is a difficult and tedious matter to rouse and move the head-man so as to be passed along; and the same difficulty occurs at every barrier.

There are in Frisco police patrols. I saw but few of them during the day. But the manner in which these functionaries got themselves up for night duty was very remarkable. They had some shotguns slung around them and attached to the back of each man was a large lantern which transformed him into a species of gorgeous glow-worm. To me, it enabled the thief to see the patrol and I thought it was stupid. But these patrols displayed much energy and esprit de corps and performed police and sentry duty for the protection of property.

For the edification of any of the San Franciscans with criminal tendencies, the paternal city government has fitted up one of the downtown buildings with a place of waxworks. It is an exhibition hall and is located at the foot of Market Street on the ground floor of the Hotel Mohawk. In the small hall, all the models are of wood and hundreds of idlers are congregated there. The show is free. Here are shown methods of punishment — strangling a criminal, cutting in strips while alive, flogging, tying up by the thumbs and toes, grinding in a mill, sawing asunder while held in position by boards, the sleep of death on a bed composed of large sharp spikes, and other equally revolting methods of doing people to death. Needless to say, these forms of punishment are not the type indulged in by the civilized people of San Francisco, but the message is clear enough. Here, the power of suggestion is most important and the law enforcement officials feel the exhibition hall is a deterrent.

Out in the street near the Mohawk Hotel, peddlers were selling their wares here, and quacks their nostrums there,

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while fortune-tellers were doing a thriving business. A few old women and children begged for pennies. Among the groups were sailors who walked about and who appeared to be solely occupied in looking at the others. Truly, San Fransicso is a pleasant place of resort. But crime is a problem and punishment must be given out.

One of the prisons being close, I decided to enter. Here it happened that Frisco's worst criminals were housed. Malefactors were also brought here from outside the city. Since visiting this house of correction, I have asked myself two questions, the shock still registering deep within my nervous system: (1) why the inhuman conditions, and (2) how any one can dare to be a criminal in the city. Although I found the citizens to be justice minded, the practice of humanity in that prison was not American.

The jail on lower Market was not more than four stories high with slanted rooves. The outer door, unguarded, stood open leading to a narrow entrance room which in turn led to some narrow passages with rectangular turns. Seated drowsily about were two or three jailers in ordinary clothing. There was nowhere to be seen an official uniform. I ventured in to have a look around. After introducing myself to one of the jailers who rose to greet me, he allowed me a "look-see." I casually wandered down the narrow passages. Inside one large room were eight or ten ferocious-looking creatures. They were human beings and tame, but they looked like they would kill me in a second. The few scraps of clothing they wore consisted of rags and tatters. A chain about a foot long fastened the legs of each together, pieces of iron being bent around the ankles and looped into each end of the links. They were apparently not starved, but their eyes were like those of wild creatures. Their heads and faces were unshaven and showed some inches of black growth standing straight on end. These hopeless creatures looked at me. The heat was intense, and beat fiercely upon the paving stones outside on Market Street. The heat in those quarters was still greater. The place smelt ill and was very dirty; so indeed were the prisoners.

When I returned to the main entrance hall, the jailer told me that those particular men were sentenced to San Quentin to be hanged. They would be leaving the next day. I returned to those poor convicts and handed each a small coin to buy some refreshment when the vendor came later that afternoon, as was his custom.

From that wretched place, I decided to wander over to the women's prison on Bush Street. There I was surprised to find men, women, and children seated in the approaches of the jail, the door being open with children running in and out. This prison presented much the same appearance as the other prison, save that its tenants were women — mostly wretched-looking old hags. I went inside the stalls or sheds and saw there some low wooden tables for the prisoners to work at. These inmates were not chained, save one, a well-dressed and rather distinguished-looking woman.

"What has that woman done?" I asked the woman guide who took a small bribe to let me enter.

"She is sentenced to the women's section of San Quentin to be hanged for slitting her husband's throat," was the grave reply.

Next, I spotted a very comely girl sitting in a corner by a window. "She is not an inmate. She is the jailer's daughter and is only gossiping with the prisoners to find out information on other women criminals still at large. But I was curious about the alleged murderess. She looked at me impassively. Unlike the other women she evinced little desire for the money I offered her, and during the time I was there her face changed in expression no more than if it had been that of a statue.

I was taken from the alleys into the

(continued on page 53)

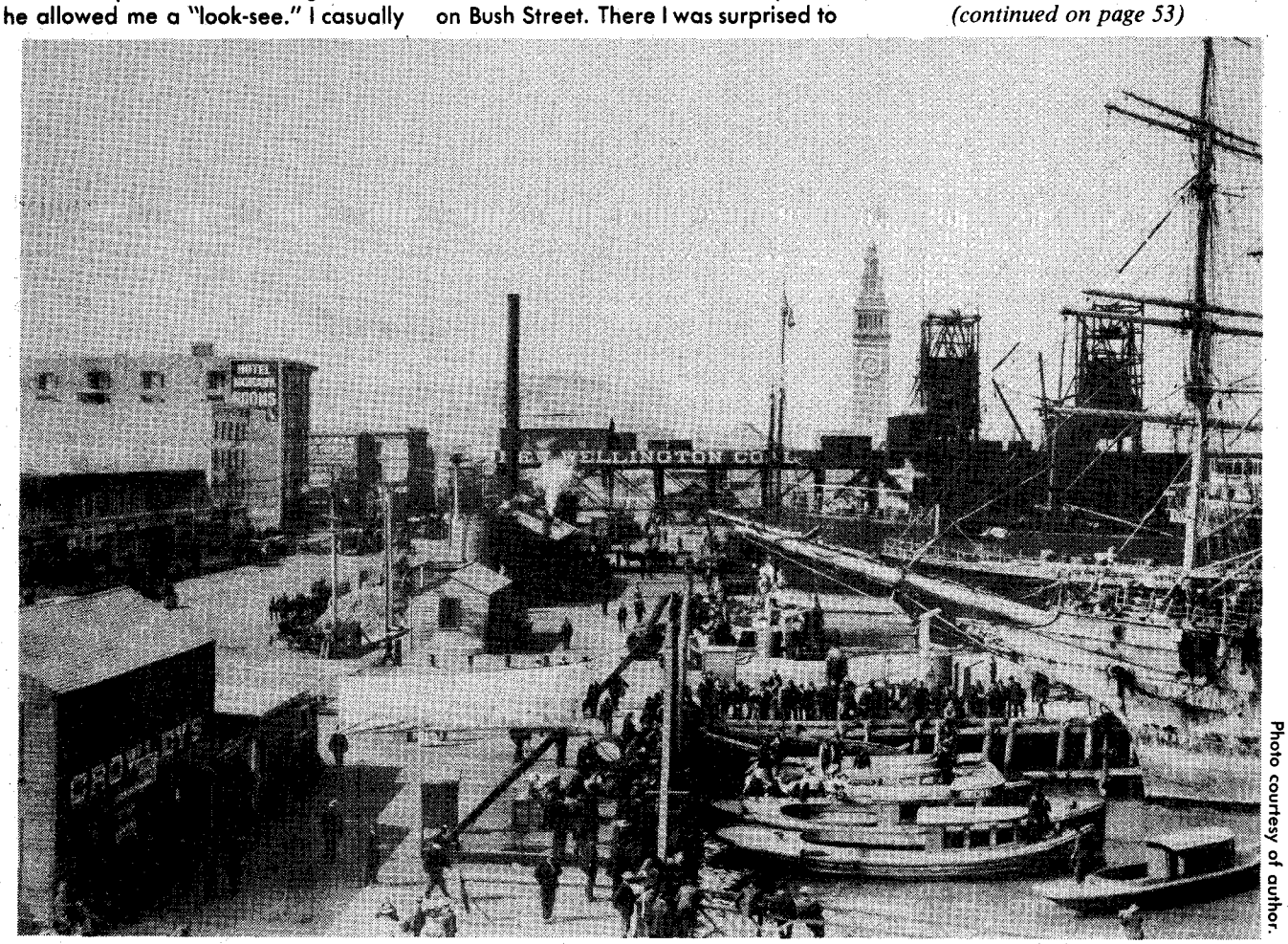

Photo courtesy of author.

Waxwork Exhibition Hall in Hotel Mohawk in upper left of photo.

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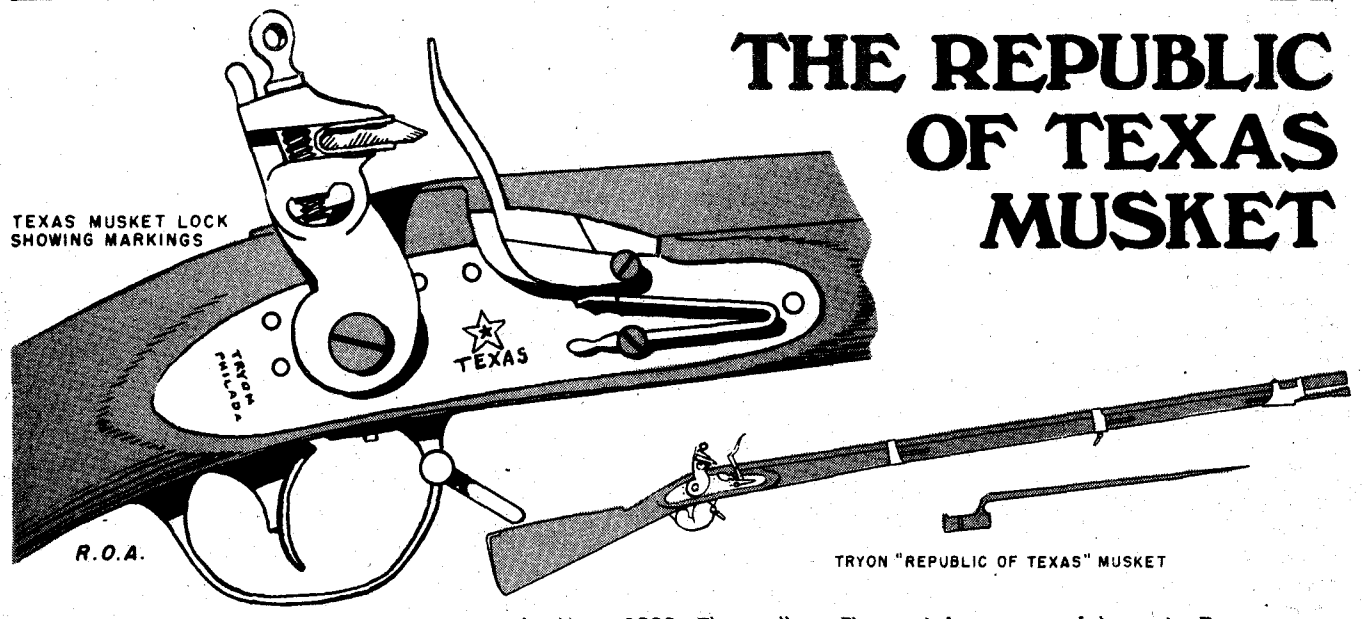
GUNSMOKE GALLERY

by Major R. O. Ackerman

THE REPUBLIC OF TEXAS MUSKET



TRYON "REPUBLIC OF TEXAS" MUSKET

The fledgling Texas republic was forced by economic reasons to arm itself with a strange variety of firearms. This boiled down to "whatever it could get hold of," with considerable emphasis upon flintlocks. Several things contributed to this latter factor. For one, Flintlocks were obsolescent — still in limited use but on the way out — so they were becoming available in some quantity at reduced prices. For another, some ordnance officials in the Texas government favored that more familiar type over the new-fangled percussion system. We will admit that the first percussion arms were not always perfected to a high level of reliability!

Some of these were also brought in, however, for the use of Texas troops. Their conglomeration of weapons included everything from Hall rifles (in both flintlock and percussion versions) to Colt Paterson revolving carbines and pistols (the latest thing at that time).

What with problems of ammunition supply, replacement parts needed, etc., the need became apparent for some degree of standardization. This was also needed for proper training programs to be organized.

In spite of some controversy on the subject, it has also been established that standards for uniforms were adopted and were enforced, after the initial general issue.

In December of 1838, the new First Regiment of Regular Infantry was formed. This became the nucleus for the reorganized Army of the Republic of Texas, under the regulations drawn up in May, 1839. The gallant First Regiment was at once the "show unit" and the one which handled the toughest assignments in the frontier garrisons.

As such, it received the best available equipment, including small arms, uniforms, saddlery and horses for officers, and even new six-pounder artillery pieces for its support troops. All of this equipment met the same specifications that had been set by this country for its own armed forces.

For the first truly standard shoulder arm of this elite unit, the new Secretary of War of the republic chose a musket made on contract by Tryon of Philadelphia. It was in all respects similar to one manufactured for the United States as the Model 1816, Type 111. This was a flintlock, and was a .69 caliber smoothbore. The overall length was a fraction over 57½ inches, with a 42-inch round barrel. It was a common type for that period.

Its most distinguishing features were that the pan of the lock was of brass and was detachable, and that the stock had very little comb. The Type 111 had abandoned a browned metal finish nd gone to a polished finish with all metal parts left "in the white." This means that no chemical bluing or browning was used — a not uncommon practice in that day, but one which meant extra work for the troops. Part of their preparation for every inspection was to buff off every rusty fingerprint!

The initial contracts given to Tryon Son & Company by Texas totalled 1,500 muskets, as the eventual plan called for making this the regulation infantry arm of the entire Texas army. This desirable goal was never realized, which is one major reason that genuine Texas muskets (so marked) are one of the great rarities of the collecting world today. One is worth a small fortune.

This Tryon flintlock took the slender triangular-bladed "socket" bayonet which was almost universally used by military powers.

Of course, handmade paper cartridges were in use for smoothbore military muskets before the Revolutionary War. During the period we are concerned with, they were the standard ammunition. To load the musket, the base end of the paper cartridge was torn open with the teeth, and a small amount of the exposed black powder was poured into the pan of the lock. The spring-loaded steel frizzen was snapped shut upon this priming. The rest of the powder was poured down the bore. The slightly undersized round ball was rammed down on top of it, with the paper as a wad to retain it in place. The cock was brought to full cock to fire.

A musket could not equal the range or accuracy of a rifle, but was an efficient weapon up to 75 or 85 yards, especially for volley fire. The bayonet charge was still a major military tactic.

A genuine Tryon "Texas" musket will be marked on the lock plate as shown in the illustration. Many probably wound up in Mexico, so only a very few examples are known in national collections.

Find one, and you not only have the price of a new car — you also have a fantastic piece of western history!

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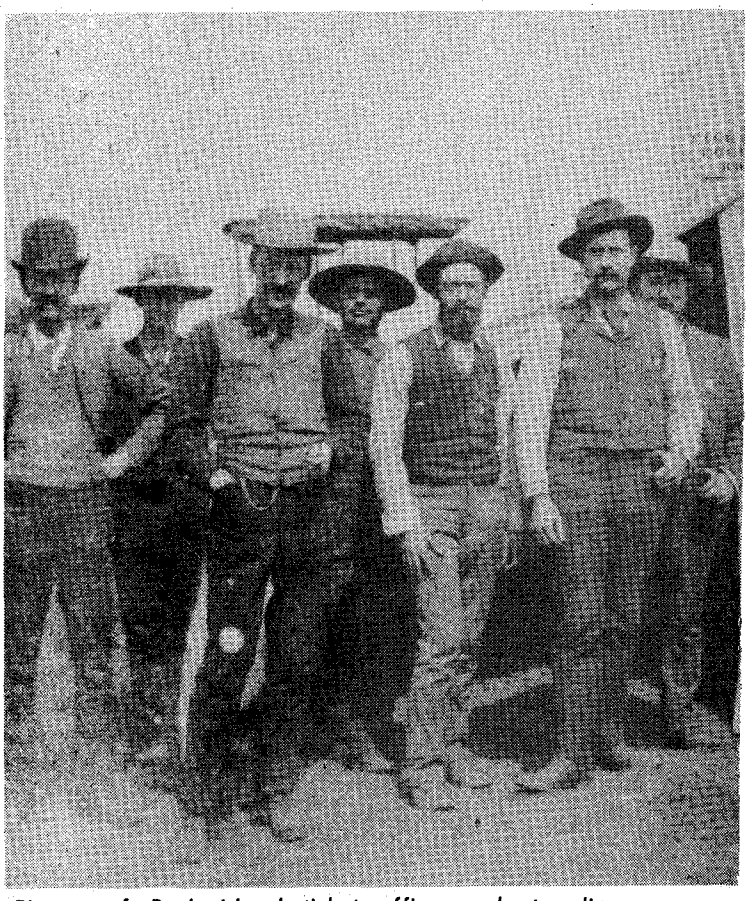
HISTORICAL SAGA OF

The prominence of University of Oklahoma football often leads to a brief and general explanation by a national TV sportscaster of the cry, "Boomer Sooner." Presented below is the full and detailed story of Oklahoma's settlement.



Courtesy Oklahoma Historical Library

Picture of Rock Island ticket office and stageline, Oklahoma City, 1889.

There is probably no more interesting incident in the sagas of the great southwest than the land opening in Oklahoma, April 22, 1889.

Pistol shots on the border lines of the "promised land," at high noon on the day designated by President Harrison, meant the breaking down of the barriers of the last frontier of America.

It was estimated that 10,000 people were in Arkansas City awaiting the signal. Large crowds were also in Hunnewell, Caldwell and other points along the south border of Kansas. Fifteen long trains carried people southward from Arkansas City that morning to points where they would be released at the noon hour. On foot and on horseback, in wagons, buggies and carriages, people crossed the Kansas line.

Still other thousands entered Oklahoma from the south, crossing the South Canadian river at Purcell. Trains on the Santa Fe running northward from Purcell unloaded most of their passengers at Norman, Oklahoma City and Edmond, while a few went on to Guthrie.

Such towns as Oklahoma City, Guthrie, Norman, Edmond and others were little more than names on the map up until that date. Most of them were occupied only by a few government officials for the purpose of keeping out "boomers" and "sooners" until the day of the run. By nightfall they were booming tent cities with soaring populations.

The present town of Lexington was probably the first village north of Purcell. Trains coming from the Kansas border unloaded their passengers at both Guthrie and Oklahoma City. Guthrie had a population of 30,000 that night, and Oklahoma City had 40,000.

Literally every stratum of human society was represented in the mass of humanity that participated in the race for claims. Identified with this latest migration were statesmen, including a former candidate for the Presidency of the United States, and others with graduations down the line of eminence to the flotsam and jetsam.

The first day's population of Oklahoma equaled that of a considerable city. It was made of boomers and sooners who slipped in before April 22 and with whom home-building had been a secondary motive; of genuine pioneers desirous of bettering their condition and building up a state; of business men who would participate in developing the commonwealth; of farmers who would establish homes and till the soil.

In 1803 the United States purchased from France the territory west of the Mississippi, extending to the eastern spurs of the Rocky mountains and to the British frontier on the north. The price paid was $15,000,000. The lands from which the state of Oklahoma, except for the panhandle, was later created and included in that purchase.

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THE SOUTHWEST

by E. A. Duncan

In 1817 the United States government conceived the idea of dividing the region now embraced within the boundaries of Oklahoma into Indian reservations. The plan was carried out, and up to 1889 over 25,000,000 acres of choice lands were barred to the white man and devoted to Indian wards.

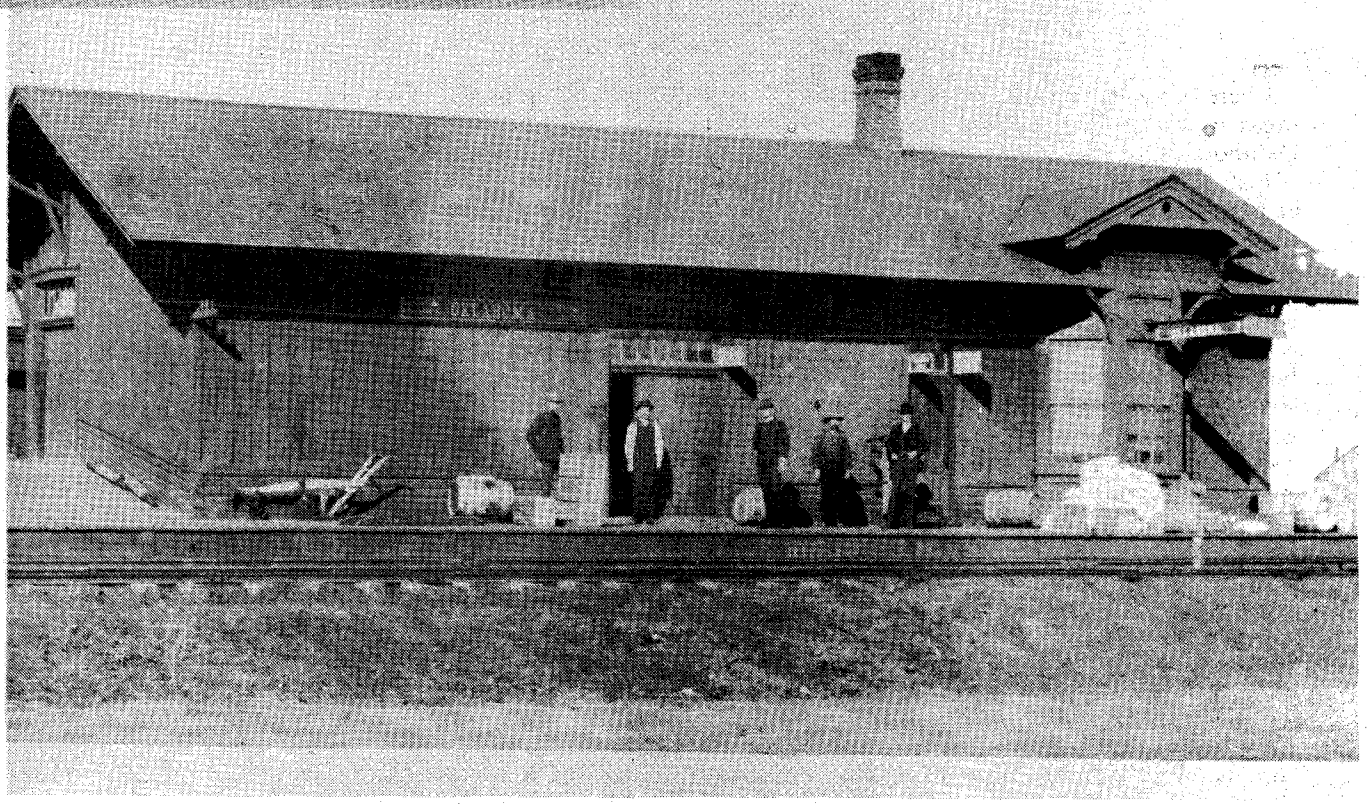
Reservations for what became known as the Five Civilized Tribes were set aside in 1835 and taken possession of by these tribes — the Seminoles, Creeks, Choctaws, Chickasaws and Cherokees.

The lands in Oklahoma that were opened to settlement in 1889, by proclamation of the President of the United States, had previously been purchased from the Indians. They included some 1,887,796 acres of unassigned land.

After the close of the Civil War, a notable council was held at Fort Smith, Arkansas, in which a government commission was charged with the duty of making the policy of the government known to all tribes of the southwest.

A great host of Indians was encamped there, and they were represented in the council by their leaders. Among those were John Ross, great chief of the Cherokees, Colonel Pytchize and Colonel E. E. Boudinot.

The government commission was composed of Generals Sherman and Parker, Governor Stanley of Minnesota, Senator Henderson of Missouri and Judge Cooley, Commissioner of Indian Affairs.



Courtesy Oklahoma Historical Library

The new Santa Fe Station, built to take care of the needs of the 1889 settlers.

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The commission stated that the government was not disposed to deprive the Indians of a home; that their red brothers who had remained loyal to the Union must be provided with homes; that the persons they had recently sold as slaves must be declared freemen and have the same rights as themselves if they chose to remain members of the tribe; and that consequently their former reservations, if restored to them, must be curtailed and restricted in order that the freemen and loyal red brethren in Kansas, Nebraska and Dakota might have homes among them.

The Indians loyal to the southern cause had lost all property rights and title to the lands, and therefore yielded whatever was asked. The Creeks and Seminoles ceded the western portions of their reservations in Oklahoma — "the home of the red people" — to the government to "colonize friendly Indians and freemen thereon."

Thus titles parted from such Indians. Captain David L. Payne, a member of the Kansas legislature, was advised by a friend in Washington that Oklahoma was open to squatter settlement, and in December 1880, he organized a large colony which was mobilized on the north line of the Cherokee Outlet near Arkansas City, Kansas.

But the government was notified what was going on and a company of United States cavalry, under the command of Colonel Coppinger, was dispatched to the camp to prevent the proposed raid on government lands. The colonists, who numbered nearly 1,000, were notified that any attempt to cross the line into the forbidden region would be resisted.

On December 14, Dr. Robert Wilson of Austin, Texas, was dispatched to Washington in the colony's interest. Meanwhile the colonists removed to Caldwell, receiving heavy recruits. The soldiers followed. Payne was arrested there by federal authorities and taken to Fort Smith, Arkansas, tried, and released on $1,000 bond.

Four more expeditions followed, the last in 1884 when, with 500 people and 250 wagons, the boomers settled near the present site of Stillwater. They were driven out, and Captain Payne, Captain Couch and others were taken to Fort Smith for trial. They received a favorable decision to the effect that Oklahoma was public land.

With renewed hope Payne organized a large and powerful colony. But before he could lead them into the Oklahoma territory, he fell dead the morning of November 28, 1884, while at the breakfast table in the Barnard home at Wellington, Kansas.

Captain Couch, Payne's lieutenant, conducted the colony of 500 persons into the territory a few weeks later and established a permanent settlement. They remained unmolested until January 1885, when United States troops conducted them out of the territory. This was the last attempt at colonization before the land was formally opened for settlement by Congress in 1889.

In 1888 the Springer bill, which provided for the opening of Oklahoma territory for settlement, although defeated in the Senate, opened the way to partial success, and in the lower house it was attached as a rider to the Indian Appropriation bill and thus carried in the face of both the senators and congressmen working in the interest of the cattlemen.

The eyewitness account of one of many hundreds to make the run of 1889 was that of a young Kansas lad, Omar Benedict. He slipped away from home and made his way to Arkansas City. On the morning of April 22, he was on the cowcatcher of the third train that reached the border of Oklahoma territory. At 12 o'clock noon a soldier fired a carbine into the air and the race was on.

And what a race it was! As far as the eye could see, there was every kind of man, every kind of woman, every kind of vehicle and every kind of horse. When that carbine shot split the air they all took off in a mad melee, hopefully seeking a piece of land a new home.

But like many races, this one was "fixed." Before the appointed time, thousands of "sooners" had entered the land with the consent of private soldiers who had guarded the line and whose pockets bulged with silver dollars.

From young Omar Benedict's vantage point on the cowcatcher of that train he had a wonderful view of the landscape that day. Ten minutes after the opening he saw, near the Santa Fe tracks, a man plowing on his fourth acre of land. Five minutes later a cabin, fully completed, came into view. In the distance the builder mounted his horse and tore off in the direction of the land office. It seemed to Benedict that the sooners had already gobbled up every claim worth having.

His destination was Guthrie (later to become the first capital of Oklahoma). When he arrived, there were only seven buildings on the townsite — the land office, the post office, the depot and other railroad buildings. Guthrie was located on 320 acres, but no streets or alleys had been surveyed. By 6 o'clock on the evening of April 22, one could not walk ten feet through the "town" without tripping over tent ropes. Thirty thousand adventuresome frontiersmen had been thrown together in that tent city spreading out three miles in every direction.

There was no law, no order. One troop of soldiers represented the only law of the land.

The first business enterprise to be set on the townsite was a gambling "house" — by a slicker with a three-dice chuck-a-luck game. His paraphernalia was an old apple barrel and a tomato can through which he dropped the three dice.

"Crack dem down!" he yelled at young Benedict. The boy obeyed and lost his entire fortune — 20 cents.

The next place of business was a dance hall, and within the confines of a wall tent was every woman on the townsite, all painted and gaily dressed.

It seemed to Omar Benedict that every man and boy carried a six-shooter. There was from one to fifty men claiming each lot. Each man sat there surrounded by his luggage, with gun in hand, staring defiance at the others, daring them to attempt to move him off. There were dozens of fights an hour and many shootings.

One old Civil War soldier, dressed in the uniform he had worn at Gettysburg, was sitting on a carpet bag with a shotgun across his knees, defying the other half-dozen men who were supposed to be on "his" lot. Finally a bunch of gamblers, who wanted that particular location, rushed him and immediately erected a large tent. Before they could open for business, a well-dressed, handsome man mounted their chuck-a-luck barrel and announced that he was the son of a Civil War soldier and that he would lead a committee to put that old veteran back on his lot.

The mob (designated as a "committee") wrecked the tent and moved the old soldier back on his lot. Then the gamblers organized another "committee" and threw him off again, shotgun and all. Someone sent a riot call down to the banks of the Cottonwood, and soon a squad of cavalrymen arrived. They restored the aged soldier once more to his claimed property. Before long he sold his "rights" for $100, and Guthrie's third enterprise was started — a keno game.

Another young man, J.J. Burke,

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made the run into Oklahoma City that April day and later told of his experiences. His most vivid memories were the scramble for lots, the bitter wrangling between stakers and claim jumpers. Then there was the blowing dust in the air, the dirt underfoot, and the odors — especially the odors. That night there were also the hundreds of flickering lights shining through the canvas of hastily erected tents and from the covered "prairie schooners."

From those tents and wagons came the fretful wail of babies and the voices of mothers trying to soothe them. Oaths and mutterings sounded, and people stumbled in the dark over the tangle of tent ropes. There was a constant shouting, too. "Hey, Joe, here's your mule down here!" Such messages traveled from mouth to mouth over the undulating prairie to die away and vanish in the distance like the fading of an echo.

The sound, however, that made the most impression on young Burke's mind that evening was the strumming of a guitar and banjo as a clear tenor voice sang "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground," "Old Black Joe," and "Home, Sweet Home". Other voices from all around joined in the choruses.

All of those sounds he heard as he lay on a cot inside a tent that night, listening to the voices of the night, and speculated on the happenings of the coming day. He sensed a peculiar tenseness, a feeling of unrest all around him.

Queries and arguments went on far into the night outside the canvas tent walls. Would the Santa Fe crowd, the Newton crowd, the government crowd (even from Washington men had come), the cowboys, or the sooners be allowed to "hog" everything?

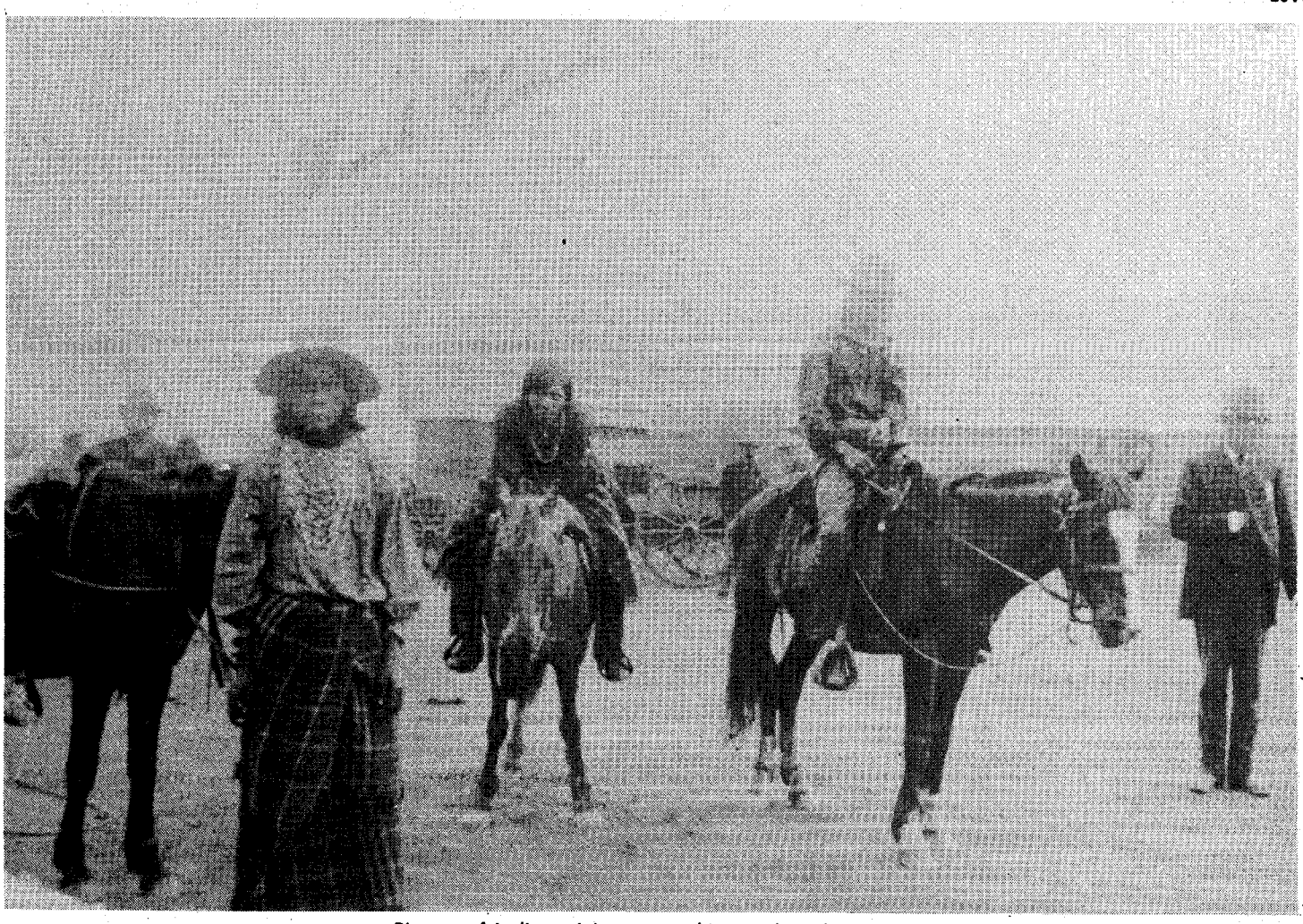
When the first legal arrivals overland from the borders and the first trains that came from the north and from the south arrived on the site of Oklahoma City that day, they found the terrain already occupied by those who had "soonered" in, antedating the appointed hour as indicated by the President's proclamation. Those who had arrived according to the legal specifications began to ask each other, "Shall we let them get away with it?"

Under such tense conditions were born the "tribes" of the "Seminoles and the "Kickapoos." The Kickapoos — so called by their opponents who said they were always kicking — were merely hoi polloi. The Seminoles were better organized. Moreover, they had the good will of Captain D.F. Stiles in command of the soldiery. The town was, in fact, under military control.

The two "tribes" gathered beneath the big Santa Fe tent stretched beside the railroad tracks. The chief spokesmen for the Seminoles were Congressman Sidley Clark, Congressman J.B. Weaver (who later ran as Greenback candidate for President), Ledru Guthrie and Captain D.F. Stiles. M.H. Woods, J.M. Owen, J.L. Brown and Frank McMasters represented the Kickapoos.

Finally, after much wrangling, the pacific speeches of Dr. A.C. Scott and others on both sides prevailed, and a compromise was arrived at. Committees were appointed to resurvey the townsite and attempt to adjust differences. Thus was painfully born Oklahoma's capital city.

●RW



Courtesy Oklahoma Historical Library

Picture of Indian giving new white settlers the once-over in 1889.

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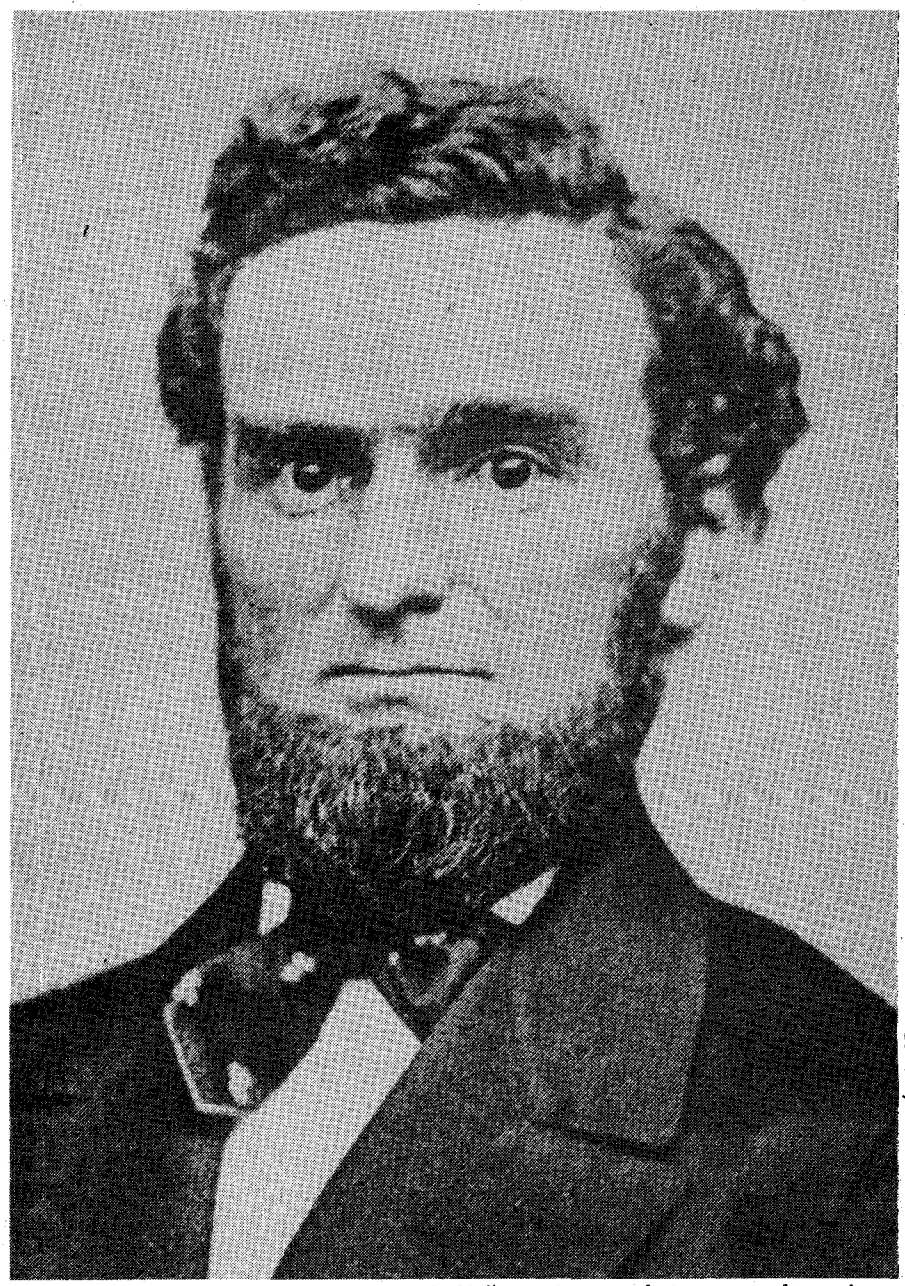
TERRITORIAL GOVERNOR OF COLORADO

by P.K. Ruhtenberg and D.E. Smith

The path of a budding State was often determined by its progress and government as a territory. In this, the Centennial State of Colorado has much to be proud of, thanks to the man who presided over and helped shape that progress.



Courtesy Pioneers' Museum

Territorial Governor A. C. Hunt (1867-1868), "...a pioneer of pioneers ... feared no living man or thing."

Alexander Cameron Hunt served the Territory when myriad difficulties assailed the settlers. In the Spring of 1865, the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indians began robbing and raiding the wagon trains that attempted to cross the Plains to Colorado; and during a considerable portion of the next four years the pioneers suffered constant attacks by Indians who drove off their cattle and horses, and killed and scalped unprotected women and children on outlying ranches.

The Territory was the last frontier of continental United States to be settled, and this meant pushing back and containing Indians who had roamed the plains and mountains since time immemorial. The Indians were making a last stand for their ancestral rights in the Rocky

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Photo courtesy of authors

Southeast corner of Pikes Peak and Cascade Avenues, Fountain Colony (later Colorado Springs) circa 1871.

Mountains. Of spiritual significance to them were the mineral springs at the foot of Pikes Peak and the Mesa, The Mesa, which overlooks the red rock formations now known as the Garden of the Gods, was "peace ground" to all tribes, where enemy could camp alongside of bitter enemy in tranquility. The unsurpassed hunting grounds that lay beyond Ute Pass, where white men now came to kill ruthlessly for sport, were of importance to them for survival.

The United States Government tried to confine them to reservations and placate them with food rations, but the rations were either slow in coming or vanished en route to the reservations. The Indian had to hunt to exist.

In the wake of the gold rushes to the Rockies of 1858 and '59, outlaws, cutthroats and desperados invaded the region.

A.C. Hunt was the son of a New York State physician and was probably born in 1827. He was restless and energetic. At the age of seventeen he had journeyed to California and made a fortune there. He returned East and lost his money in the depression of 1857, but the lure of gold brought him West again on the "Pikes Peak or Bust" gold rush, which was founded on a false rumour. A year later, however, he returned West with his wife and two children and settled near Denver.

President Lincoln appointed him United States Marshal in 1861, the year Colorado was established as a Territory. The Colorado Territory was settled late in the country's history because the massive Rocky Mountains stood for years as an impenetrable barrier to all but Indians, trappers, a few traders and explorers.

"It should be kept in mind that Colorado was more remote from the rest of the world at that time than Alaska is today (1914) ... From early in November in 1864 until March, 1865, the coaches that carried the mail between the Missouri River towns and Denver ceased running on account of the hostility of the Indians, and all this time Colorado was cut off from the world, except for a limited telegraph service that did not reach any point in the Territory outside of Denver." *

A close friend of Hunt, Civil War veteran Major Henry McAllister** set forth much of what is known today about the fiery U.S. Marshal, who later became Governor, in a paper*** he wrote after Hunt's death. McAllister and Hunt were both Directors of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad that was to run north and south along the foothills of the Rockies, and they doubtless worked together on many enterprises.

In his paper to the Pioneers, McAllister describes the Colorado Territory of Hunt's day:

> In 1870 this great State was practically an undeveloped waste. A few thousand persons had made a tentative settlement within her borders. A village of 5,000 people stood where the great city of Denver, with its 200,000 population now stands. The large and populous city of Pueblo was just emerging from a mere frontier trading post. The beautiful town of Colorado Springs, now so well known had not even assumed the dignity of a figment of the imagination.

McAllister continues:

> In telling of the pioneer days of the State Territory, of El Paso County and of Colorado Springs, there is a name that should never be omitted. I allude of course to that of Governor A.C. Hunt, Governor way back in 1867 and 1868. This extraordinary man, a pioneer of pioneers, wrote his name upon the pages of Colorado history in such deeply chiseled characters that the lapse of time can never efface them. With indominable courage he feared no living man or thing.

(continued on page 56)

* Irving Howbert, *Indians of the Pikes Peak Region* (Glorieta, N.M.: Rio Grande Press. First published in 1914)

** Major in the 15th Pennsylvania Volunteer Cavalry

*** Paper read to the El Paso County Pioneers Association, Sept. 10, 1908: now in the Pioneers' Museum, Colorado Springs, CO.

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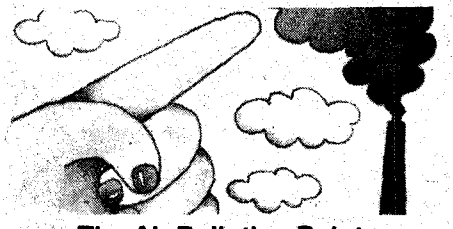

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DIPLOMACY GOES BUFFALO HUNTING

(continued from page 27)

recruit the best man to guide the hunt. As to the latter, there was no debate that the man to lead the hunt should be William F. Cody, Buffalo Bill.

Sherman wired Cody in North Platte, Nebraska, with his proposition. Cody was to be personal host to Alexis and to make sure that he succeeded in the hunt. Cody accepted the commission. Sherman added that to lend spectacle, Cody was to procure 1000 Indians to be on hand. He explained that Alexis had never seen an Indian and was almost as curious about them as he was fascinated by the buffalo.

Cody visited Chief Spotted Tail with the request. The Chief agreed to supply the Indians in exchange for 1000 pounds of tobacco.

While Cody was making plans in North Platte, Sherman arranged for transportation. He commissioned the Pennsylvania Railroad to assemble an elegant train to take Alexis to North Platte. Sparing no expense, Sherman turned his attention to the campsite that the Grand Duke would occupy during the hunt.

He ordered tents to be shipped from Chicago. Each tent was furnished with a stove. He ordered carpets, tables, chairs, beds and bedding to ensure maximum comfort. Finally, unknown to Alexis, he gave strict orders to Cody that Alexis have the honor of shooting the first buffalo of the hunt. No one was permitted to so much as fire a shot in the direction of the herd until Alexis had opened the hunt.

The record is mute as to Cody's reaction to all this, but judging from his rugged life, we can imagine his thoughts. In his early years he was a horse wrangler and prospector. He went on to be a pony express rider and later an army scout in both Civil War and Indian campaigns, all before the age of 25. He could have been surprised or even amused at the plush trappings and boyhood enthusiasm of the Grand Duke.

When Alexis' train arrived in North Platte, awaiting him was an entire company of United States infantry, two companies of cavalry, the Second Cavalry Regimental Band, and scores of Indians. The hunting party boarded wagons to carry them to the campsite. Alexis' own entourage included several cooks, couriers, his personal chef, valet, and three wagonloads of champagne.

That evening, as they sat by the fire, Cody instructed Alexis in hunt technique, interjecting many of his own exploits. Alexis was an eager listener and rose excitedly the next day to begin the hunt. *The New York Times* reported that "At 8 o'clock the grand march began. It was led by General Sherman, eighty-five mounted men, fourteen wagons, and three ambulances." **

Herein lies perhaps the most amusing aspect of the story. Cody rode with Alexis, and when the scouts spotted a herd, he maneuvered Alexis into position for a clear shot at a buffalo. Alexis was armed with a complimentary Colt .45 revolver. When they were within 20 feet of a buffalo, Cody shouted to Alexis to fire. Alexis emptied the revolver and, to Cody's astonishment, didn't hit a thing. Riding beside Alexis, Cody tossed him another loaded revolver. Again, Alexis emptied it in the direction of the target. Again, he hit nothing. Still at full gallop, Cody threw Alexis his own rifle and shouted to him to hold his fire until Cody gave the signal. When Cody managed to get the Grand Duke within ten feet of the target animal, he shouted the signal. The Grand Duke fired a shot at almost point-blank range and, at last, brought down the first buffalo of the hunt.

What then occurred was even more astonishing to Cody than the fact that Alexis fired 13 shots to make one hit. Alexis leapt from his horse, threw the rifle to the ground, drew a knife and, with one clean sweep, severed the tail of the animal and swung it over his head, shouting triumphantly. While the whole company looked on in disbelief, Alexis' servant suddenly appeared with champagne for everyone.

It is difficult to say whether the hunt was more unusual for Buffalo Bill or for the Grand Duke. The press reported that "the grand hunt was successfully completed without accident and with thousands of pleasant memories clustered around it." *** Each man undoubtedly retold the story in ever increasing and exaggerated detail. At any rate, it remains one of the most colorful moments in the history of American diplomacy. ● **RW**

REFERENCE SOURCES:

"An Imperial Visitor," *The New York Times*, April 21, 1871, p. 7.
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***New York Times*, October 7, 1871, p. 11

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(continued from page 44)

street immediately outside. The guide then pointed to a narrow doorway, if I wanted to see a special treat. I said indeed I wanted to see the special sights of this city before I settled down to honest days of work. I paid her another small tip and went through the door she pointed. The place was stiflingly hot, and so dark that some seconds elapsed before my eyes could distinguish any thing in the gloom. A man, the usual ununiformed jailer, was sitting inside. I heard something moving, and dimly saw through the ordinary grating of wooden bars, an inner room in which were three prisoners, each wearing the illegal "wooden collar." This was a contrivance about three feet square, made of planking one and a half inches thick. There was a hole in the center just large enough to encircle a man's neck, and the whole apparatus had the appearance of being built on to the prisoner.

Fortunately, the inmates were not women as I at first suspected. They were men who had committed some vicious crimes with the women criminals. With this collar on, no man could lie down. I was told they could not even brush the flies from their faces. Even without a collar, life in this inner prison must be supported with difficulty.

I had hardly finished my investigation of this weird and morbidly fascinating Frisco prison when I heard a tremendous clanking of chains over the stone pavings. Three men were coming along, and another walked about twenty yards behind. All wore hobble-chains, and, in addition, each carried a large block of granite in his hands that must have weighed at least fifty pounds. The poor fellows presented the usual semi-ragged, unshaven, unwashed, hungry, and wholly rapacious appearance. One looked defiant, the other two broken-spirited; one looked like a coward and a sneak, and I said in my own mind that he was the worst scoundrel of all. This hangdog scoundrel moved to the center of the main room close to where I was standing. The defiant prisoner looked around at the two jailers standing next to me and shouted, "You can all go plum to hell!" Without a word, the two keepers seized him. One wound some string around his legs, and sat upon him. The other knelt on his shoulders. The defiant and now trembling man had his chest flat on the ground. His hips were turned sidewise, with the right thigh uppermost. A third policeman entered and saw what was going on and quietly walked over and squatted on his haunches behind the prisoner. Almost out of nowhere, a fourth fellow walked over and a bamboo stick whistled through the air. At the same moment began the most prolonged howl I ever heard in my life. There seemed no stoppage for breath: the bamboo and howl continued in unison.

Whack! Whack! Whack! About forty strokes to the minute. All the blows were delivered high up on the right thigh, on a space which could be covered by an ordinary saucer. The first blow left a deep red mark, and soon blood and skin together were flipped away at every blow. I counted the strokes. When the blows ceased, so did the howl. The big brute who did the slashing calmly walked away into a room and didn't look back. But one of the other men nodded to the scoundrel and he too was seized and beaten. When about 40 blows were administered, he was dropped. Hitherto I had borne the punishment with extreme fortitude, but during this last correction something seemed to have gone wrong with me. To prevent any extreme disturbance I left the room hurriedly, not waiting to see how the third man was treated. The guide whispered to me that I would probably lose the best part of the show, but I said it did not matter. I had enough punishment of some unfortunate creatures. But I did ask why the three were being punished. "Well, first of all for gambling. And second, we can't have any arrogance or the arrogance will contaminate everything..."

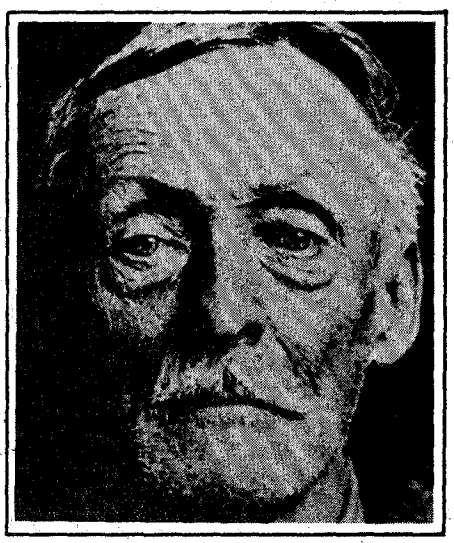
As I started to vomit, the man asked if I cared to be led to the police's private execution grounds. Seeing that I was truly sickened, he smiled and added in the most ordinary manner, "We must keep the streets of San Francisco as neat and trim as possible. Our justice is the best way. We keep it secret, although the waterfront underworld knows it had better not get out of line. Less crime has taken place in the last few years than ever."

"Oh, are executions carried out frequently here?", I asked.

"Yes", he replied casually.

With that, I turned to flee. The guide called out, wishing me to see the execution grounds and the executioner sword. But I escaped and he followed me some blocks about Market Street. Finally, I angered and bid him a strong and straight farewell. I had had enough and I was no longer interested in the sights of vigilante justice. I think he held me in great contempt for my capacity as a sightseer. But I didn't care. All I knew was that I would live and behave this side of the law. ● RW

You're looking at one of the most savage and perverted men in the history of all mankind.



His name is Albert Fish. In 1928 he murdered and cannibalized 10 year old Grace Budd. He was arrested six years later. Albert was also believed to be involved in killing at least 15 other children.

What Albert Fish did to little Grace Budd is one of the most shocking and monstrous crimes in the annals of civilized man. Weeks of questioning by detectives and psychiatrists revealed that the Grace Budd tragedy was just the tip of the iceberg. A prominent psychiatrist reported that Fish's sexual life was of "unparalleled perversity. . . . There was no known perversion that he did not practice and practice frequently."

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PACKING A LOAD

(continued from page 18)

Main Street, circa 1870, complete with wooden false fronts, a saddle shop, a hotel, a terrific little stable and blacksmith shop, a jail and the Crystal Palace Saloon. Until the Gallery came along, the only action on the street was provided by local service clubs selling sarsparilla and soft drinks in the saloon, and ice cream in a storefront down the street.

It gets awfully hot in Plymouth during the August fair, with 105-degree days following each other like boot jugheads at a parade ground drill. Three times a day the performers clear out the concessionaires and customers, rope off the lawn in front of the buildings, and plunge into those broiling, crackerbox buildings to await the signal to begin. The street is actually only one side of a street. The other side is open.

Behind the ropes on the open side stands virtually every fair-goer who happens to be on the grounds at that moment — unless they're stopped at the top of the ferris wheel. Many come back for each of the three shows a day, because each is different. This year the order was the Dallas Stoudenmire show at 2 o'clock, Billy the Kid at 4, and the OK Corral to finish at 6. Dallas Stoudenmire got its first showing this year.

It's new. Last year the bill included the Wild Bill Hickok show. Obviously, the repertoire is expanding — from within. The members provide the show ideas, culled from their research, which is continuous. Everything else aside for the moment, ignoring the joy of hamming it up in front of a crowd, the pride of belonging, the pleasure of acclaim and the recognition, the central function of the Gallery is this: these guys do not peddle heroes, worship guns, glorify murder or put a rosy cast to the exploits of the many characters who populated the West.

They have probed our past and discovered things we all should know. Let's start out easy. Gunfights never ended when only one man died. Arguments kindled killings which kindled others. Including Billy himself, six men died in the series of events which led to his assassination by his former buddy, Pat Garrett.

Eleven men died in the year it took for the OK Corral fight to simmer, explode and die out. The method of killing was neither clean nor glamorous. None of the gunfighters were target shooters. The classic example is the legendary barroom brawl in which a fight between two men broke out at the card table. They emptied their pistols at each other over the table, missing with all 12 rounds.

They used the pistols as clubs in the hand - to - hand combat which followed. Refinements in weaponry were directed first toward constructing an arm of the most possible power which did not jam or explode in the hand, and toward accuracy later. Quickness did not a gunfighter make. Winners were those who had "deliberation" in the words of Wyatt Earp.

Put it all together and you have the gunfighter as Wild Bill Hickok, the "Prince of the Pistoleers," thought him to be. He did not precipitate fights, but he had a granite resolution and a steady hand when a fight seemed imminent. Once his mind was made up, he proceeded with an unthinking mechanical smoothness to get off a shot to his opponent's gut. The gut shot was preferred, though it was rarely fatal of itself.

According to Wild Bill, the impact of a gut shot knocked the wind out of the opponent, rendering him virtually paralyzed. A gut shot scored, you then emptied your revolver at as close a range as possible to whichever vital spot of your opponent you could locate. This kill method led to grotesqueries. In the Gallery's Corral show, Wyatt and a band of sidearms are shown cornering Florentino Cruz.

Cruz and Frank Stillwell assassinated Morgan Earp in the aftermath of the OK fight. Cruz was brought down with a rifle shot, and pleaded for mercy as Wyatt and his men approached. He didn't get it. What he did get was about 20 slugs, delivered with Wyatt's famous "deliberation." During that scene of the show, a young woman in the audience cried two or three times in disbelief, "Oh, God! Come on, now!"

Take note, miss, that every action in Gallery shows is corroborated by one or more historical documents — many of them court transcripts of the official reports of the actual participants. Frank Stillwell was discovered with bullet wounds in one shoulder and both knees. The shoulder and both knees shattered, he died a slow and awful death.

Not one of the famous tough guys won universal acclaim for their deeds. They were on one side or another of given issues. When they killed, they usually made more enemies than they did friends. The friends tended to have shorter memories than the enemies did.

The Earps, the Hickoks and the Kid, none of them killed for principles, for the law, or for the greater good of the greatest number. Killing was the means to an end. The ends varied according to the circumstances, the personality, even the mood of the killer. Death is the ultimate resolution of conflict. Hardly a man breathed in those days who did not think of the alternative — and think of it often. It is an awesome thing to see.

We are denied the option of killing our enemies. Judging from the reactions of the Gallery's spectators, they learned for the first time through the shows that such an option ever existed. They may have known it in their minds, but they never felt it until they saw the show.

The Gallery has had the problem of suffering a member who slips over the line, who forgets that he lives now and not then, who packs a loaded arm and believes he still has the alternative of sudden death. For balance, the Gallery has severe punishment for such behavior — expulsion. Jim Lundstrom, chunky, in his mid-twenties and a natural for the role of Ike Clanton, head of the losing gang of the Corral fight, has been the head of the Gallery's cowboy segment for several years.

"What I was told when I joined," Lundstrom said, "was that this is one of the hardest organizations to get into, yet one of the easiest to get out of." The code is unique to the Gallery. None of the other gun clubs have one like it. Quite the opposite is true of most.

"One bad one can spoil it for everybody," said Harry Lowe. "It don't matter where you are; the rest of us will hear about it."

To the lesson of the killing option must be added another that the Gallery has discovered and illustrates. The Old West apparently had two wars. The lawmen of the period pushed and crowded the cowboys to smaller and smaller places further and further West. It was ironic. The Indian Wars were fought to make the frontier safe for cattle ranching. The cowboys were defeated to make the frontier safe for townspeople.

The OK Corral fight was one of the last and most significant skirmishes of that second war. Four years after the fight, the Arizona legislature banned all open-range ranching in the state. Time and again the Gallery members return to the Corral fight to make a point in their perpetual debating about the past. That fight has en-

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dured because it sums it all up.

No one at the empty lot next to the corral that October 26, 1881 felt the hot eye of history looking over his shoulder. They were all in a raunchy wrangle of pride, politics and $8,000 stolen from a stagecoach seven months earlier. Wyatt, who was then no lawman at all, was out to make a reputation prior to running for sheriff, and the quickest way was to knock heads with some cowboy or another. Wyatt thought he knew who robbed the stage. He was sure Ike Clanton knew.

He offered Ike the reward money if he would finger the bandits. In the following weeks, the three stagecoach robbers were all killed before Wyatt could get anywhere near them, but the news of his offer to Clanton leaked out, to Ike's embarrassment. Clanton thought Wyatt had spread the news, and he ranted about town, calling Wyatt a liar.

Doc Holliday took offense. He was more hotheaded than Wyatt, but he had a further reason. He had been seen leaving Tombstone shortly before the stage robbery, and returning a short time after the robbery on a lathered horse. Speculation persisted that he had been in on it. Such a charge surprised no one. There were dozens of cases of lawmen playing both sides of the law in those days.

On October 25, the Clantons, Tom and Frank McLaury and Billy Claiborne came to town to fetch supplies. The mood was ugly. Clanton argued with Wyatt and Doc several times over two days. The first day they were in town, the Earps pistol - whipped him for carrying a gun, disarmed him and invited him to court. That night, the unarmed Ike played poker with Holliday and Marshal Virgil Earp. There was more talk of settling the matter by gun. Ike was fined $25 the next day in court, and another argument broke out and spilled onto the sidewalk.

The only injury was to Tom McLaury. He was pistol - whipped, too. That was at 1:15 on the afternoon of the 26th. The next the Earps heard, the Clantons were assembled on Fremont Street at the photo gallery. They were actually in the empty lot between the photo gallery and the corral, waiting for their buckboard of supplies. Wyatt and Morgan Earp set off to meet them — obviously with a showdown in mind. Virgil joined them, carrying a shotgun, and so did Holliday.

All indications are, and even the internal argument among Gallery members points to the fact that, the Earps knew the Clantons were on their way out of town at that moment. Then why the fight?

Lundstrom believes the Earps thought it great luck that three of the five lieutenants of the Clanton ranching empire were in town, and they took the opportunity to eliminate them. The Clanton empire was the last open-range cattle kingdom in Arizona. The Corral fight did, indeed, devastate the Clantons.

The cowboys lost the fight, of course. Holliday drew the first gun — a nickel - plated revolver. Wyatt had his hand in the pocket of his new town coat, a coat delivered to him only that day. That pocket was specially made and lined with waxed canvas. The pocket accommodated his pistol. The lining allowed him to get it into action quickly. All the long way down Fremont Street, Wyatt had his revolver ready in the palm of his hand. Virgil carried a shotgun.

The Clantons were tremendously outgunned. One and perhaps two of the Clanton group were unarmed. Ike, having been disarmed, had no gun, and Tom McLaury didn't either, though the subsequent inquest ruled that McLaury was technically armed since he had "access to a rifle", in the scabbard on his horse's saddle.

It was over in just 30 seconds. Tom McLaury, Frank McLaury and Billy Clanton were dead. Billy Claiborne had fled. Ike Clanton had run into the path of the first bullets, shouting at Wyatt to stop the fight. Wyatt later said his answer to Ike was, "The fight has now commenced; go to fighting, or get away." Wyatt pushed Ike away, and Ike fled, too. Sheriff John Behan, who tried to stop the fight and who did not participate, said Holliday fired the first shot. Wyatt said he and Billy Claiborne fired the first shots simultaneously. It turns out that the argument which started the Gallery will never be settled.

Sometimes they get the feeling up there in Plymouth that people don't properly appreciate what they're doing.

"All I imagine half our crowd is," Lundstrom said, "is people coming out for the blood and guts and excitement. Whether we do a historical recreation of something that really happened, or whether we just go out there and blow someone away, I don't think they care. Well, I care. I would like to separate the legend from the truth. Find out what the truth was."

Among themselves they have a simple term for it, one that the real historical characters might have had a hard time understanding. They call it simply, "Doing it right." ●RW

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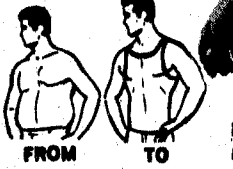

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TERRITORIAL GOVERNOR

(continued from page 51)

Then United States Marshall, he arrested the desperado Slade, who had killed more men than any outlaw of his time. This man had visited Denver, and learning that he had been discovered, locked himself in a room and swore that he would kill the man or men who attempted his capture. Taking an axe, and sending every other person away, the Governor knocked down the door, disarmed the outlaw and led him out by the coat collar. The Governor told me that he had not the least thought of entering the room alive, but he could not allow danger to turn him away from his official duty.

Hunt had thick, wavy, dark hair and piercing eyes, which along with his Mormon - style beard and heavy sideburns gave him unusual distinction. History tells us that he had a hot temper and was a man both of action and of persuasive speech. He accompanied and guided General William J. Palmer on horseback over many hundreds of miles through the Colorado Territory when the General was planning the route of his railroad, the Denver & Rio Grande. The General appreciated Hunt's boundless enthusiasm and his intimate knowledge of the terrain.

Fearlessness and quick, decisive action were requisite for the survival of lawmen in those days. Major McAllister relates Hunt's encounter with one of the most infamous of the Indians. This rogue was a Ute by adoption, who harassed the settlers in major and minor ways. He was a lesser chief named Colorow, who

(continued on page 60)

Courtesy Pioneers' Museum

Ute Indian lesser chief Colorow and eight other Indians, fully armed, invaded Governor Hunt's office, bent on mischief.

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THE AMERICAN INDIAN

(continued from page 35)

abandoned by President Franklin D. Roosevelt's executive order in 1933, due to its lack of policy making.

On March 3, 1871, the U.S. Congress ended the Indian - treaty period with a clause tacked to a Congressional appropriation for the Yankton Sioux Indians: "...hereafter no Indian nation or tribe within the territory of the United States shall be acknowledged or recognized as an independent nation, tribe, or power with whom the United States shall contract by treaty."

It is ironic that Eli S. Parker, a mixed - blood Seneca Indian and reported to be a grandson of Red Jacket, presided over the Indian Bureau when this last chapter of Indian treaty making was written. Eli Parker was a professional engineer, he was also a recognized authority on the Iroquois League and had been personal secretary to General Ulysses S. Grant during the Civil War.

With the signing of the last Indian treaty, twenty years of intermittent warfare followed before the last of the Western Indians were forced to move to reservations. In 1886, the surrender of Geromino in the Southwest and the battle of Wounded Knee in 1890 in South Dakota ended the numerous Federal military victories in the Southwest, the Dakotas and in Oregon. ●RW

MAIL ROUNDUP

(continued from page 6)

be some kin to them. You or anyone who has any information about legendary figures of Coleman, Texas, or anyone with the last name, Ray, please write me — Danny L. Ray, Glen Cove Rt., Coleman, TX 76834. What little history I know of Coleman is what they print in the papers, but I haven't found any information about gunslingers, outlaws, etc. who lived here in Coleman. The only information I got about my famous ancestor was from my dad. He knew of only one, which was H. L. or L. H. Ray (he couldn't remember the first name), who was a hero with the Texas Ranger post located in Waco. He said they had a statue of him in Waco. Any information you or anyone else has about the information I'm seeking please write me. I am going to continue buying your magazine so I can watch for any further information you publish about Coleman and about famous figures with the last name Ray.

Sincerely,
Danny L. Ray
Glen Cove Rt.
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WESTERN MUSIC

Dear Editor,

I enjoyed the story of Roy Rogers and also enjoyed his music years ago. The Sons of the Pioneers was one of the finest Western musical groups in the history of music. There's a trio up in Canada at present called "The Rhythm Pals" that are very good, and old-time singers and yodeler Wilf Carter of Canada couldn't be beat.

I wonder if someone can tell me if Stuart Hamblin is still living? He had a Western program over KNX, Hollywood California, as far back as 1938. He was a good entertainer and I have his LP record "I Believe." The late T. Texas Tyler was also very good.

W. Thayer
Box 2175
Wenatchee, WA 98801

BULLETIN BOARD

Dear Editor,

Since I have assumed the presidency of Western Historical Research Associates effective April 15, 1976 and since your magazine reaches several of our members each month, I am taking this means of informing those of our members who read REAL WEST of the change in president and Secretary-Treasurer of the organization.

Herbert L. (Herb) Book is now the president of the organization, and Mrs. Vita Clark, Rt. 2 — Box 200, Caldwell, Idaho 83605 is now the new Secretary-Treasurer of WHRA.

I know this is quite unorthodox, and this is not to be construed as any kind of advertisement for new members. This is written strictly for purposes of informing certain of our members as to the change in officers. However, new members are always welcome. Thank all of you at REAL WEST very much.

Very Respectfully,
Herb Book
P.O. Box 807
Ontario, OR 97914

CAMP PRICE LOCATED

Dear Editor,

In the March 1976 number of this magazine, a Mr. J. Fillman of Lanham, Maryland asked the location of Camp Price.

Camp Price was located five miles west of Paradise, Arizona, and the date was 1881-1883.

The above is from "Old Forts of the Far West," by Herbert M. Hart.

Sincerely,
Arthur Carmody
Treasurer
Nebraska State Historical Society
P.O. Box 217
Trenton, NE ●RW

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DEATH OF BROWN BOWEN

(continued from page 34)

jail. Their unreasonable hope was that Hardin would make some kind of statement which would show Brown innocent. They visited several times, and on May 15, two days before the scheduled day of execution, Neal was "troubled all but to death," as Hardin described him. They returned the next day, expecting a saving statement. Hardin, writing to his wife on the day after the execution, quoted a note from Matt which had been given him:

> "Brother John. You told me you would make a true Statement about my Brother O God Why Dident you O my God my Poor Brother has to be hung Oh my God do Something for him on my account M E Bowen."

Wes answered, and his note was quoted in the same letter of May 18 (without corrections):

> "Dear Sister My wil is good but let every tub Stand on its own bottom You Say for your Sake for your Sake I would do anything honerable and I know you would not ask me to do any thing dishonerable I cannot be made a Scape goat off and a true Statement wil do your brother no good and a false one I cannot make. but Sister I have a Statement all ready a true one in fact and wil give to you or your Pa and then you can do as you please with it. I am your Sympathizing Brother
>
> John W Hardin.

Whatever Wes wrote in his "true statement" is unknown as it has not come to light. It no doubt reiterated his claims that he could not kill a man in the manner Holderman had been killed. He added in his last note that he forgave Brown for his "false and unfounded reports."

The Bowens, father and daughter, were allowed to see Governor Hubbard the night of May 15. He listened to their appeals and looked at the petitions for clemency. They did not bear many signatures and were not accompanied by any evidence justifying clemency.

Brown Bowen, now in the Gonzales jail, had held up hope, but Hubbard's refusal to commute his sentence left him with none. He learned of this through the Governor's telegram delivered to Sheriff A.T. Bass. He bore the news calmly and had a long talk with his pastor, Reverend Seale. At this time he made arrangements for the disposition of his body.

On May 16 Brown again appealed to Hardin. This was printed in the Galveston *News* and would be published, ironically, the day of the execution:

> "On Friday, 17th May, I have to pay the penalty of law for your crime: John, you know I am innocent of this deed. I ask you to clear my name for my children's sake. John, you know you have to appear before a God who knows all and can you stand before that great tribunal and look on your God and say, 'I did not kill Holdeman?' You know you will have to say, 'I, John Hardin did it, and allowed Brown Bowen to be punished on this earth for it,' which if you do, will be another of the dreadful murders which you will have to answer for."

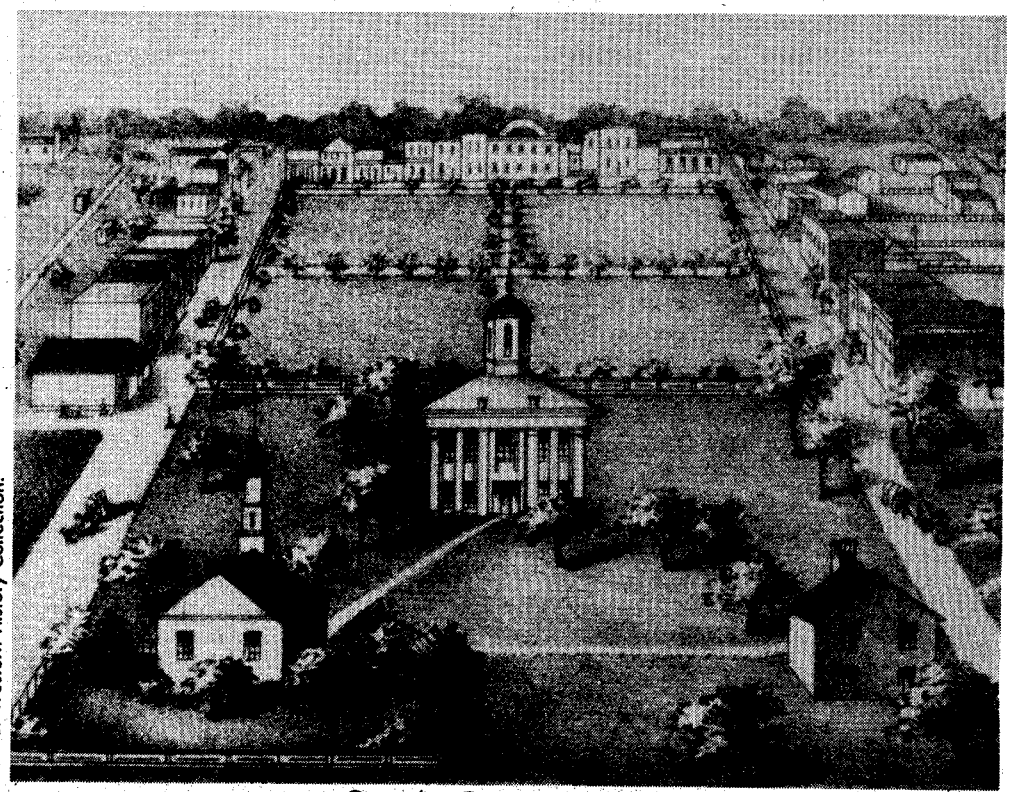
Twelve Rangers under the command of Jesse Leigh Hall guarded the inside of the jail yard. On the 16th, Lieutenant Armstrong arrived. Huge crowds were forming. Estimates ranged from 4500 to 5000 people, mostly men and boys there to witness the hanging. Between 1500 and 2000 horses were upon the streets of Gonzales.

Brown, after having been given a sedative, slept a couple of hours before dawn, suffering from nervous prostration. He sent for a reporter from the Dallas *Weekly Herald* and again claimed that the Billings boy had mistaken Hardin for him and also denied ever having confessed the crime to Billings' father. He again claimed he had saved Holderman's life several times that same day from Hardin.

Reverend Seale did not regard Brown's spiritual condition as satisfactory. He had made no profession of religion, although he "indulged in religious exercices." According to Seale, Brown admitted Christ could save all men, particularly those who forgave their enemies, but Brown, however, could not forget or forgive the witnesses who swore his life away. He left a letter for the reporter to send to his wife, Mary, at Whiting, Alabama. The letter, unfortunately, has not been located, but in it he protested his innocence and told her to raise their son to be a good citizen.

Brown was all but prostrate when he was to be taken from his cell. A man named Sullivan, a convicted murderer, helped him dress. Before leaving he told the other prisoners that he wanted them to know and to understand that he was being hanged by "the mob."

At 2:30 Sheriff Bass, Reverend Seale, and Deputies Lewis and Bruton took their places on the scaffold. Delay of a few minutes was caused by Reverend Seale accidentally placing his hand on the



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trigger which sprang the trap. Bass prevented himself from falling by clinging to the rail.

Brown appeared at 2:34. As he stood on the trap, Seale read the dying statement. Afterwards Brown assisted in adjusting his own noose, a rope three - quarters of an inch thick. He then called for John Holderman, Tom's brother, to come to the scaffold. The two conversed for several minutes, Bowen asking him about the good relations he had enjoyed with his brother. John's answers did not suit Brown and he showed distress and great bitterness. Brown, seeing his last hope evaporate, told Holderman, "You believe a darned lie."

When the cap was placed on his head, he said a few more words about his wife and admonished about bad company. The cap was removed when Reverend Seale prayed. Apparently the prayers were very emotional as the Dallas reporter observed that "even the stern faces of the rangers showed emotion."

At 2:54 the prayer ended. Bowen, speaking in a firm voice, directed the knot to be placed under his ear. At 2:55 the trap was sprung and he fell seven feet, perfectly straight, and remained motionless for one minute. Four minutes later, after convulsive twitching of the limbs, his pulse ceased totally. Judge DeWitt took charge of the remains which were to be buried at the Bowen farm at Coon Hollow.

Even if Bowen's claim of innocence was true and that Hardin actually did kill Holderman, there was little chance of proving it. Gip Clements was present at the time of the killing and, being a close friend as well as first cousin of Hardin, would have sided against him. Mannen Clements, brother of Gip, was present in the Travis County jail with Bowen, having been arrested December 19, 1877 and taken to Gonzales January 29, 1878. Bowen reportedly told Clements that it was Hardin who broke him out of jail in 1872, after which he fled to Florida where he killed three men.

Thus both Clements brothers would have sided with Hardin against Bowen. Hardin certainly did have enough troubles of his own, and he was well aware that anything but a flat-out denial might bring another charge of murder against him. He had survived many desperate situations, and it was up to each man — especially Brown Bowen who now was but a Hardin enemy — to save himself if he could. After all, as he himself had said, self - preservation was the first law of nature. ●RW

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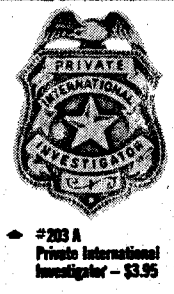

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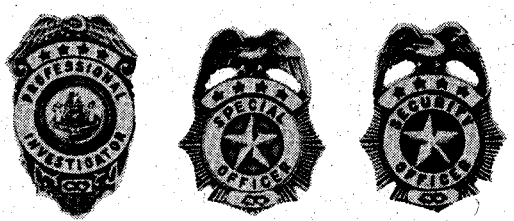

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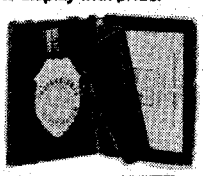

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TERRITORIAL GOVERNOR

(continued from page 56)

lived beyond Ute Pass in South Park. McAllister says:

> At another time, when (Hunt was) sitting alone, the office was suddenly invaded by the Indian Chief Colorow. The chief made certain demands which the Governor refused to grant when the party of Indians at a sign from the chief began an attack. The Governor springing with the swiftness of a tiger at the throat of Colorow, forced him out of the room and kicked him down a long flight of stairs, at the bottom of which he was joined by his completely humbled comrades. Nothing but a complete acquiescence in their demands, or such heroic action saved the Governor's life. Yet such was his high sense of fairness and justice in all his dealings with the Indians of the State that he was almost adored by the peaceably disposed among them. He knew every Indian in the State by name, and satisfactorily adjusted their little differences.

Hunt's love of the Pikes Peak Region asserted itself when, according to Henry McAllister, he persuaded General Palmer that this was an ideal spot for the town Palmer contemplated building somewhere along the right - of - way of his railroad. McAllister says:

> The credit of selecting his beautiful plateau as a site for the future city of Colorado Springs belongs to Governor Hunt. He had long regarded it as an ideal location for a settlement and his judgment of such things was unerring. He laughingly told me that, having interested General Palmer in this location by his glowing description, of its beauties, he was somewhat disconcerted when he led General Palmer's exploring party through Templetons Gap to see before them, not a beautiful grassy landscape he had pictured, but a stretch of blackened prairie by no means pleasant to the view, the whole country having been burned over a few days before.

McAllister goes on to laud Hunt's salesmanship:

> At one time an important stockholder of the Denver and Rio Grande RR. came on from New York, probably for the purpose of incidentally looking after his interests here, at a time when things didn't look particularly bright. Mr. Weitbrec, the treasurer of the road concluded to turn him over to Governor Hunt, but knowing the Governor's vast optimism and fearing that he would give the stranger too roseate an idea of the condition of things, first wrote him to restrain himself somewhat in talking to the gentleman, adding, "if you know the meaning of the word restrain." To illustrate, "Oh, pshaw" said the pretty milkmaid when the cow put her foot in the milk bucket "Now I will have to 'restrain' all this milk."

Hunt continued as marshal until 1866. He was elected fourth Colorado Territorial Governor in 1867, but even in this sparsely populated land political jealousy reared its ugly head and spewed forth all sorts of false charges against him. In 1868 he was — but let Henry McAllister tell it in his own sympathetic words:

> The Governor was removed from office by President Grant for some cause which I never understood, but it angered the Governor and for some time he felt that he had been treated with great injustice and said many bitter things of the President and the Colorado politicians who were instrumental in his removal.

After Hunt's retirement from politics he moved sixty miles south of Denver to the Fountain Colony (later Colorado Springs) in the shadow of Pikes Peak. McAllister was Superintendent and Director of the Colony. There Hunt operated a lumber yard and built the "The Log Cabin," an eating house managed by his brother - in - law, which served meals "that were not excelled by an hotel or boarding house in the West," according to Major McAllister.

McAllister remained unservingly loyal to Hunt and often entertained him at his home in Colorado Springs. The Major, who lived in "far the handsomest residence yet put up in town" (so said the newspaper), tells the following incident:

> In 1874 whilst a large number of Ute Indians were encamped north of Colorado Springs, I asked Governor Hunt to lunch at my house. While at lunch the house was suddenly surrounded by from thirty to fifty Indians, who crowded upon the porticos and flattened their faces against the windows in their efforts to see inside. Their actions were somewhat disturbing to my family, until we learned that they had discovered that the Governor was inside and desired to see and talk to him. The Governor went out, shook each one by hand calling him by name, distributed a few pieces of coin where they would do the most good and asked them to return to camp which they immediately did.

A few years later, Henry McAllister arranged a most successful meeting with Hunt and President Grant that vindicated the unhappy victim of political conspiracy:

> When President Grant visited Colorado during his second term, I went to Denver to pilot the party to the Springs and Pueblo. Governor Hunt, still feeling much resentment, was not inclined to join us, but I insisted and he finally consented. I carefully scrutinized both when they met. The President's greeting was kind and cordial. The Governor showed by his manner that he still harbored some umbrage.
>
> I seated them together on the car and took my seat behind them. For a time they talked of commonplace matters. Immediately after the train had passed Littleton, the President turned around and facing the Governor thus addressed him: "Governor, I have for some time desired to have an opportunity to talk over with you the matter of your removal. I now believe that in removing you I did you, though unconsciously, a great injustice. I gave a too ready ear to charges, that when too late, I learned where wholly untrue. I did wrong in not thoroughly investigating these charges before I acted. I have heard what I believe to be the truth from a mutual friend in whom I have absolute confidence, and he has fully satisfied me that your administration was in every way commendable and for the very best interests of the territory of Colorado. Whatever reparation I can make for the wrong I have done you I will make fully and gladly.
>
> I have here quoted practically the exact words of President Grant upon that occasion. I thought then and I still think that such a noble acknowledgement of error could and would have been made only by a great man. Its effect upon Governor Hunt was very marked. His sharp, cold eyes were suffused with tears. His highly tempered steel frame relaxed. Turning, he

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grasped the President by the hand, saying, "Mr. President, I ask for nothing more. Your vindication more than fills the measure of my happiness. I shall not boast to my friends or to my enemies that I have your justification. It is too precious a thing to be made the subject of political comment."

The entente cordiale between these two really great men was fully restored, and I am glad to be able, to this late day, to bear witness to it. Before the train reached Colorado Springs, the President had presented the Governor with a valuable riding horse, which was placed upon the ranch of the latter near Castle Rock.

Hunt named the horse given him by President Grant, "Peacemaker." Many of the towns in Colorado which grew up along the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad's route were named by Hunt: Alamosa, Salida, Durango, names he had learned and loved on his trips to Mexico. He invested in land in all of them as the railroad opened the country to later pioneers and immigrants. By 1876 Colorado had sufficient population to become a State — the Centennial State. Again Hunt became a wealthy man through land sales and his other many activities.

Major McAllister ends his remarks about his friend, saying:

> When I last saw Governor Hunt some time in the 80's, perhaps twenty years ago, I remarked that Colorado Springs had possibly reached the limit of its growth for awhile. He looked at me with astonishment. "Why" said he "It has not yet taken a good start, in twenty years it will have a population of 35,000 and in twenty more 100,000."

Hunt was optimistic, as usual. The growth of Colorado Springs was slowed by the collapse of the silver boom, the exhaustion of gold in the mines, and finally, by the Depression, in which hundreds of farmers and ranchers lost their lands and livestock. The young people had to leave the State to find jobs elsewhere. The resident population remained static until World War II.

Alexander Cameron Hunt, "pioneer of pioneers" was stricken with paralysis while visiting his daughter in Chicago and passed away a few years later. General Palmer sent a beautiful shaft of Colorado marble to Arlington, Virginia, where Hunt was buried in 1894, to serve as his tombstone. ●**RW**

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PEARL YOUNGER

(continued from page 40)

down on Perry, Eddie stepped out and, with a beautifully educated gun, shot down the Crittendens Dick and Zeke.

Perry's daughter, Mrs. Dorothy Haile of Hawley, Texas, writes me: "There are a few small things I can remember about living there (Fort Gibson). I recall the old Terry Hotel and Mr. Dick Gibson buying our place when we left. I remember my father, who killed two men camping out somewhere near Fort Gibson. The Killer hid the bedding along the road behind bushes and logs, and hid the bodies. He wandered around in the hills and mountains in the wagon he had stolen, and they caught him.

"One of the horses my father rode was called Charlie. My father was shot in the chest near Van Buren, Arkansas, while hunting an outlaw, and the U.S. Marshal just ahead of him was killed. This shotgun wound eventually caused my father's death several years later. I'm sending you a picture of one of the Crittenden brothers, as one has been torn off. It belonged to my mother and father. I don't know which boy it is. Also I'm sending you a picture of my father, George W. Perry. It was made from an old tintype so it's not too good. But hope it will help you."

Except for the killing of Crittendens, Eddie's gunfighting career was not otherwise distinguished. But after the battle, he was pointed out on the streets by all sorts of people. He strutted like a young Napoleon, sported a white - on - white shirt, fresh every morning — evidence of prosperity. Everyone wanted to buy Eddie a drink, and Eddie accepted everyone's drink. But his notoriety was short-lived.

In November of 1896, Eddie was in the town of Claremore, Oklahoma, drunk. By popular report he ran the two owners of the local saloon out of their own place of business and was last seen setting up drinks for the house.

Bartenders are traditionally tough. These two were no exceptions; they returned within minutes and filled Eddie Reed full of holes, which was only natural.

Trying to forget the sadness within her, Pearl focused all her attention on her place of business. She bought a three - story apartment house on Fourteenth Street. She called it "Flats." This is where she intended to find her respectability someday when she retired.

On June 19, 1894 another daughter, Ruth Reed, was born. Pearl so stated that Jim Reed was the legal father, but for some reason she left a blank space on the birth certificate where it said, "Name of Father" ... She boarded the child out with Mrs. John Dodson on North Ninth Street, but surrounded the little girl with luxury and fine education.

Throughout her entire childhood, Ruth never found out what her mother had done for a living. It had been treated as a delicate subject.

Then Pearl met Authur Erbach. He had a long straight nose and wore sideburns. There was something humorously dandified about his appearance. Not that he was lazy, it was just that his favorite position was horizontal.

On August 24, 1898 Pearl gave birth to a son, Authur E. Erbach, at the St. John's Hospital. Three weeks later the father of the child died of typho - malaria. He was one of the 'Erbach Counts.' On July 28, 1899 the infant Authur Jr. was buried beside his father in the Oak Cemetery, under an eight - foot - tall monument.

Pearl should have had in mind all these gloomy precedents before she gave birth to another girl on November 8, 1902. But she didn't.

Her daughter was named Jennette Andrews, the father was Dell Andrews, a superbly conditioned fellow, handsome, a well - known gambler at Fort Smith. They never took the time to get married, but Pearl did see that both girls were sent to a convent in St. Louis for a time, where they would be out of earshot of classmate gossip.

Civilization was closing in fast on Fort Smith, and Pearl realized that it would be only a matter of time before prostitution would be outlawed. In 1907, Indian Territory was abolished and became part of Oklahoma. Pearl was walking a tightrope. She had been warned, but she wouldn't change her ways.

In February, 1916 she was sentenced to jail, but all charges were dropped when she agreed to leave town.

Banished from Fort Smith at the age of 49, Pearl went first to Hot Springs, later to Denver, then to San Francisco.

Meanwhile, Ruth while in her teens had married a young attorney, and Pearl had bought them a beautiful two-story house for a wedding gift. Jennette, only nine, moved into the house with them.

But all went for naught. Ruth got wind of how her mother had made a living. Heartbroken, she pulled up stakes and the trio moved to Ohio. There is evidence that she later returned to Fort Smith.

In 1915, Jennette left the Belle Point School and was last seen in Hot Springs.

It is the style of fools and perfectionists to hide out, so Pearl went down below the Mexican border to Douglas, Arizona, and took refuge at the old Savoy Hotel. Ruth soon joined her, having dissolved her marriage. Mother and daughter lived quietly for about a year, when on July 8, 1925 Pearl lay across the bed at the old hotel and died. Death was due to a stroke and hardening of the arteries.

Jennette was sent for. Ruth signed the death certificate and Pearl was layed out to rest in the Calvary Cemetery at the Douglas, Arizona, lot 7 section F, under the name of Rosa Reed to avoid publicity.

In the 1930s a young girl came through Fort Smith, requesting information about her mother and grandmother. Flossie wrote some lurid Sunday newspaper stories about her grandmother, using, for the most part, material from the *National Police Gazette*. She later was found dead in Kansas some years later.

Both Ruth and Jennette were said to be living in Nevada. Jenette and her husband operated a hotel there.

The reader must remember that living on the frontier was both raw and cruel, especially for a woman. Before we pass judgment on any of the Starrs, let us ponder, were they all bad, or were they just rejects of an unsympathetic society?

Optimism is the besetting disease of all lovers of the arts. ●**RW**

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GOOD NEWS FOR THOSE WHO BELIEVE!

HERE ARE OVER 100 READY-TO-USE MYSTIC CHANTS FOR MONEY, POWER AND LOVE!

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What are the Mystic words of this Chant? We cannot reveal them in this advertisement but you will clearly find them on page 53 of MIND COSMOLOGY, a remarkable guide with every type of Mystic Chant you'll ever need!

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Your Questions About Mystic Chants Answered

Q. Can I say these Mystic Chants just once, or do they have to be repeated over and over?

A. Many of these Chants can be said once. Others are designed to be repeated a few times as this heightens their effectiveness. However, they are short and it would take you only a few minutes to repeat them.

Q. Must these Chants be memorized?

A. No. All you have to do is read them out. If you don't want to carry the book around, simply copy a few Chants on a card and put it in your pocket.

Q. Are these Chants hard to read?

A. Of course not. They are clearly printed, easy-to-read and do not contain words that are difficult to pronounce.

Q. Are these Chants Black Magic or White Magic?

A. Without a doubt, White Magic. In one case, an evil woman stole Laura M.'s husband using Black Magic. Laura used this chant on page 159: "Y-- k-- I l-- y--." Within a few days her husband pleaded with her to take him back.

Q. If these Mystic Chants are so powerful, why doesn't the author use them himself to become a millionaire?

A. The author has done just that. By saying these Chants, Norvell has become wealthy and a celebrity. Now he devotes his life to making others rich and happy.

Q. Are these Chants dangerous?

A. About as dangerous as combing your hair. You see, they can be used only for good, sincere purposes. If used for an evil purpose, they will have no effect.

Q. Time is running out for me. Can these Mystic Chants find me a husband?

A. On page 24 you'll find the Chant Georgia R. used to attract a rich partner in a law firm. What's more, you can attract a man with the precise character you admire.

Q. I've only an eighth grade education. Will Mystic Chants work for me?

A. Certainly. You need no special education or experience. Anyone can use them.

Q. When is it best to use Mystic Chants?

A. As soon as possible. Mail the No-Risk Coupon. We'll send you your book so you can start using Mystic Chants right away!

We'll Rush You A Copy Of This Amazing Book For Thirty Days Examination, At OUR Risk.

When you receive it, quickly open to the Mystic Chant the man used to attract $150,000. You'll find it with all the words filled in! Or perhaps you desire a healthy, strong body with unlimited energy? See the Chant on page 64 for protecting yourself against germs and most forms of sickness.

Are you one of the lonely? If peace of mind, happiness, or love fulfillment is what you want, repeat the Chant on page 33 exactly three times just before the moon rises.

What's more, you'll find another Mystic Chant on page 100 to be used only by those who believe! This Chant may send your soul into the cosmos through amazing astral projection, backwards into history, or forward into the uncharted areas of the future!

Scores of People, Just Like Yourself, Have Relied on Mystic Chants to Get What They Want From Life.

FINDS ENCHANTED LOVE. Take the case of Nora H. who was a complete failure in love and marriage. Desperate, she whispered the Chant: "I n-- p---- u------ l---."

Within a short span, she met and happily married a young and handsome attorney. See page 47 of this amazing guide!

CHANTS UNITE HIS FAMILY. After years of misery, Lester M's wife left him and took their infant son. Lester turned to the Chant on page 28: "I n-- b---- t-- m-- o- p-- h--- p------." In a few days his wife and son returned, and swore that they would live a different life!

CHANTS LESSEN SICKNESS. Dora T. was nearly sixty and the doctors told her she had an incurable ailment. She used two Mystic Chants to overcome age and sickness. In less than a month, her symptoms decreased. See pages 31-33.

CHANTS BRING SUCCESS. A young girl slaved as a lowly clerk. To get out of this rut, she said: "I a o-- w-- c---- p--- a-- c-- s---- a-- p------" ten times a day. Lo and behold, she was given a position designing new fashions, making more money than she had ever dreamed possible! Would you like an exciting well-paying job? Use the complete set of Chants on page 51.

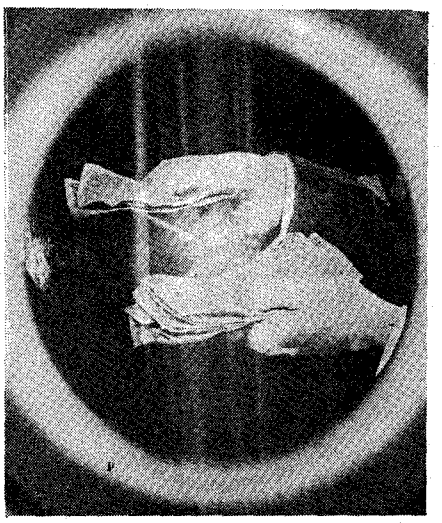
CHANTS FOR PAINS. A woman of 45 (see page 82) suffered from pains each month that were so severe she had to go to bed. A friend told her about this Mystic Chant: "I n-- i----- m- m--- a-- b-- c---- w--- t-- p------ p------ o- r------ g--- h------" and she showed immediate improvement. Take a few minutes and say the Chant on page 80.

CHANTS FOR HIDDEN TREASURE. An elderly woman had a small home on a plot of ground where she lived after her husband died. Once the insurance money was spent, she had no source of income and used a Mystic Chant to get money. That night, the figure of her husband appeared to her and told her to dig at a certain spot. She found $15,000! You too can use the Chant on page 126.

CHANTS FOR OPERATIONS. A woman needed $1,000 to help her mother get an operation. She kept repeating the Mystic Chant: "I w--- t-- s-- o- o-- t------ d------ s- I c-- p-- t-- s-------." The next morning a famous surgeon assured her that he would operate for no charge. See on page 144 how the operation was performed!

CHANTS FOR LUCK. One man playing dice at Las Vegas used a special Mystic Chant.

The first roll came up 11. He tried again, and they came up 11 again. The third roll was also successful, and as the man had let his dollar remain on the 11, his small investment brought him a small fortune! See how he did it on page 140.



Try this Chant for Riches (see page 53) without risking a penny. See details below.

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N.O. REYNOLDS

(continued from page 23)

been marshal of Waco in its wildest days after the war, and Dave Ligon had been a Confederate cavalryman under General Bedford N. Forrest. All would write history for themselves as lawmen.

In September 1877, Reynolds and Co. E acted as guard escort for the notorious John Wesley Hardin, when he was being taken from Austin to Comanche County for trial. Afterwards they escorted him to the Huntsville State Penitentiary.

After delivering Hardin to Huntsville, Reynolds was ordered to Kimble County for duty. Situated on the North and South Llano Rivers, the county was more than adequately supplied with cedar, pecan, and mesquite timber in which outlaws could hide, while the streams and mountains furnished an abundance of fish, game and wild cattle for them to subsist on. Hence, it was the most popular county in Texas with outlaws. Reynolds and Co. E were assigned the task of cleaning it up.

Kimble County had no courthouses at this time and the first district courts were held under the spreading boughs of a huge oak tree. The prisoners were guarded by Rangers under another large tree, which was at an adequate distance from the judge and his attendants.

By the early summer of 1878, Reynolds and Co. E had completely cleaned out the stage robbers, cattle and horse thieves, and murderers who had made Kimble County their rendezvous. Some had been captured, tried and sentenced in a court of law; but others had forced the Rangers to kill them. No man in Co. E ever killed a man, no matter how mean he was reputed to be, until he was given a chance to surrender.

No sooner had the last gang been rounded up — the Dublins — than Major Jones sent a dispatch to Reynolds at Junction City, ordering his company to proceed to San Saba, where an explosive situation had broken loose.

At a session of the county Court of San Saba County, popular Bill Brown was being prosecuted on a prohibition violation. Brown became angry at a remark made by Prosecuting Attorney Brooks and attempted to draw his gun, which had not been taken from him before the trial. T.J. Kendall, a law partner of Brooks, saw the movement and quickly jerked out his own pistol, killing Brown in the courtroom.

Fearing mob action, Kendall barricaded himself in the second story of the courthouse and refused to surrender. When Reynolds arrived, Kendall was still holding out. After talking to Reynolds, the lawyer requested a preliminary hearing. When the court convened, Kendall waved examination and asked to be transferred to Austin, in Travis County. The court promptly ordered Reynolds to take him there as quickly as possible.

A hack was driven up to the courthouse door, where a huge crowd had gathered. Jim Brown, brother to the deceased and sheriff of Lee County, had taken a position within ten feet of the door. He was heavily armed and his features revealed his purpose. Just before Kendall descended the courthouse steps, Reynolds ordered the crowd to fall back from the hack. Everyone obeyed but Sheriff Brown, who remained perfectly still on his horse in the same spot. Reynolds studied Brown, then turned to his men and ordered them to draw their weapons and move the crowd fifty yards from the courthouse.

Swiftly the Rangers drew their guns, swung down from their saddles and began waving the crowd back.

Coldly, Brown looked at Reynolds and asserted, "I'm riding to Austin with you."

"If you do, you will go in irons. Move back!"

Sheriff Brown, who had killed a few men in his life, stared into those steel-blue eyes, then slowly turned his horse and rode away.

When they had reached Austin and Kendall was safely locked up, Sheriff Brown walked up to Reynolds on the street. He apologized for his actions at San Saba. "I fully intended to kill Kendall when he was getting into the hack, but there were too many of you Rangers."

"You're a wise man, Mr. Brown," replied Reynolds. "I fully intended to shoot you into a rag doll if you had made one wrong move."

Shortly afterward, Reynolds moved Co. E down on the San Saba to a beautiful pecan grove, about two miles from the town of San Saba. From this camp they scouted over the counties of Llano, Lampasas, Burnet, and San Saba, searching for more of those "bad hombres." It was from here that Reynolds and his men made their sensationally long ride to Round Rock to apprehend Sam Bass.

Despite their hard riding, they arrived ten minutes after the fight was over.

Reynolds was a man of action, and the following year was a great letdown. He wasn't the type to sit down and wait for a band of Indians to raid the county so he might get a fight, or bide his time until outlaws cut loose their wolf. When he was compelled to sit in camp, Reynolds chafed like a caged grizzly. By spring of 1879, Reynolds was restless for several reasons.

There had always been an element from east Texas who fought appropriation for the Texas Rangers, and in early 1879, these men had fought extra hard to defeat the Ranger bill. The fund appropriated two years previously was presently running short, and it became necessary for Jones to order the various company commanders to discharge three men from each company. A week later the order was repeated, and this process was continued until the Frontier Battalion was reduced to nearly one half its original strength.

Reynolds was forced to sit back and watch his experienced and highly proficient Rangers dwindle away. The descriptions he expressed of all eastern Texas lawmakers could not be printed.

In March 1879, Reynolds resigned from the Texas Rangers and the service lost a "matchless officer." He took up residence in Lampasas and was elected sheriff of that county for several terms. He wrote for several newspapers, giving frontier sketches.

The late Walter Prescott Webb, a recognized authority on the Texas Rangers, classes N. O. Reynolds with Major John B. Jones, L. H. McNelly, Lee Hall and others among the greatest. ●**RW**

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With "Automatic Mind-Command" you'll be running the show. Make a wish, turn on The Power, and watch those around you drop everything and do what they're told.

And nobody will even have the faintest idea that you're behind it all. That's the beauty of "Automatic Mind-Command"—you are the only one who knows what's going on—*you* alone decide when things should start . . . stop . . . change around.

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You can use it to control your friends or strangers, one at a time or in large numbers, at any time, and ANY WAY YOU LIKE.

For example: You go into a bank for a loan. The credit man smiles but says "Sorry. You don't qualify for a loan right now: however, if there's anything else I can do for you, I'd be glad to . . ." Then in a flash, his tune changes when you let loose your "Automatic Mind-Command." He continues, "In fact, we'll be glad to give you $1,000 more than you asked for. And any time you want more, just see me personally! Thank you so much for coming by!"

Impossible? You'll be doing things like that every day without even thinking about it. As soon as you need something done, *it's done!* The people who do these things for you will remember what they did, but not *why!*

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You can have a lot of fun with this power, too. Look how Evelyn C. used it at work . . . One day, while sorting papers, her boss angrily inquired why she had to make so much noise—and scolded her in front of everybody. Evelyn said nothing, but smiled to herself—for she had just turned on the "Automatic Mind-Command . . ." Suddenly the boss apologized for being a scoundrel. "Please . . . I'm sorry," he said, in front of everybody. "I'd like to make it up to you!" And he told her what a wonderful person she was! When Evelyn turned the power off, the boss just stood there with an open mouth, wondering what made him say all those things.

Think what this power can mean in your life. You need money . . . and it's there! You want some affection . . . you'll be smothered! You want peace and quiet . . . the world stands still!

NO MORE SECRETS WILL BE KEPT FROM YOU!

People who think they can hold back the facts will meet their master in you! You just fire a little "Automatic Mind-Command" at them, and they'll sing like meadowlarks . . . Nona J. was at her wits' end when she tried to find the money she'd put aside to pay the rent—it was gone. A frantic search through the house turned up nothing. There was only one possibility left . . . she asked Billy. A look of surprise crossed his face. No—he hadn't seen any money. But Nona didn't believe him, and started using "Automatic Mind-Command" to find out if he was telling the truth. Suddenly Billy reached into his pocket and took out a roll of money. After giving her the money, he acted as if nothing had happened!

Think how many secrets must be hidden all around you! Things your spouse won't tell . . . your neighbors won't say . . . your boss keeps quiet about . . . ALL BROUGHT INTO THE OPEN JUST FOR YOU!! They'll tell you all their secrets, but they won't know why.

Hold on now, because I haven't told you yet about the best part of "Automatic Mind-Command."

You may have to bolt your door to keep people from overwhelming you with love, gifts, favors, rewards! Perfect strangers will be walking up to you and asking, "How are you? Can I do anything for you?" They will never suspect that "Automatic Mind-Command" is impelling them to like you, please you . . . and automatically want to help you.

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A STRANGER HANDS HIM $500—Harry G., a low-paid factory worker, wanted to start a business of his own. All he needed was cash to get started, but no one would give him the money. Finally someone told him how to use "Automatic Mind-Command"—and Harry laughingly tried it. A short time later, a perfect stranger handed him $500—saying he'd heard about Harry's plan, and was eager to help him get started!

Unusual? Not at all . . . things happen every day with "Automatic Mind-Command."

RECEIVES NEEDED CASH QUICKLY!—Mrs. Thelma J. reports, "I needed money badly." Her husband hadn't worked in months, and their savings were running out. Then she discovered "Automatic Mind-Command"—and turned on the power immediately! The next morning she received a package containing several hundred dollars from friends and well-wishers she never knew existed!

In all history, few indeed are the ones who have recognized "Automatic Mind-Command." The rest, who do not use it, pay the penalty in suffering, wishing, hoping, dreaming . . . Now I say to you: Wish no more!

HOW TO GET STARTED IN JUST 3 MINUTES!

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After that, sit back, relax—and see how this power can work for you. It's as simple as that! It won't cost you one penny unless it works!

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And it's all just *minutes* away!

Larry S. wanted to see his girlfriend—although he had no idea where she was—and no way of contacting her by letter or phone. From far away . . . he began using "Automatic Mind-Command!" In that instant, his girlfriend knew what she had to do. She dropped what she was doing, excused herself and hurried to visit him. Arriving in record time—she hugged and kissed him, explaining that "something" told her he wanted and needed her, and what could she do for him!

Now here's a most fantastic use of "Automatic Mind-Command"—one I'm sure you'll agree proves that here is a power which staggers the imagination!

For example, cases of health-symptoms relieved with "Automatic Mind-Command!" John C. reports that his hearing now seems normal again! Warren W.'s blurred eyesight cleared, sharpened, and now seems normal! Lydia E. says her arthritic symptoms of soreness and stiffness in the fingers were relieved when nothing else seemed to help, and Mrs. M. S. was surprised when her leg pain disappeared. Bella S., who complained of "ulcerative colitis" with stomach cramps and diarrhea, obtained fast relief . . . And others report relief from complaints of high blood pressure, heart symptoms, "migraine" headaches, weakness, dizziness, fatigue, and more.

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So you see, life can be beautiful with "Automatic Mind-Command." To discover its amazing power let it put you on the road to a NEW LIFE . . . filled to the brim with riches, love, pleasure and all the wonderful luxuries of the world . . . and more! You owe it to yourself to try it! Why not send in the No-Risk Coupon—TODAY!

Sincerely yours,

Scott Reed

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Scott Reed is one of the nation's leading mind-power experts. Presently engaged as a writer on developments in the behavioral sciences, his revelations about the unseen world of the mind have been read by millions. A graduate of the City University of New York, his own life is living proof of "Automatic Mind-Command."

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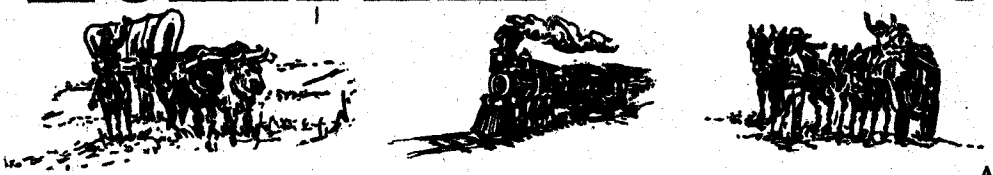

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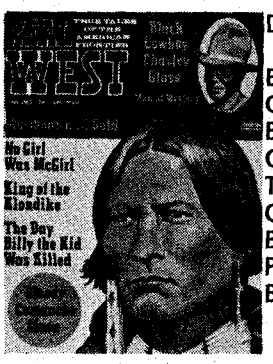

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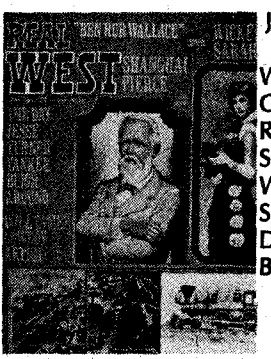

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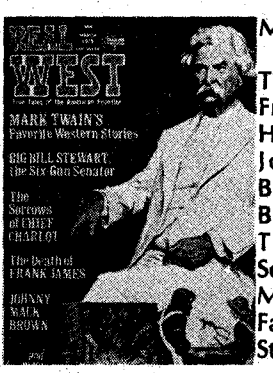

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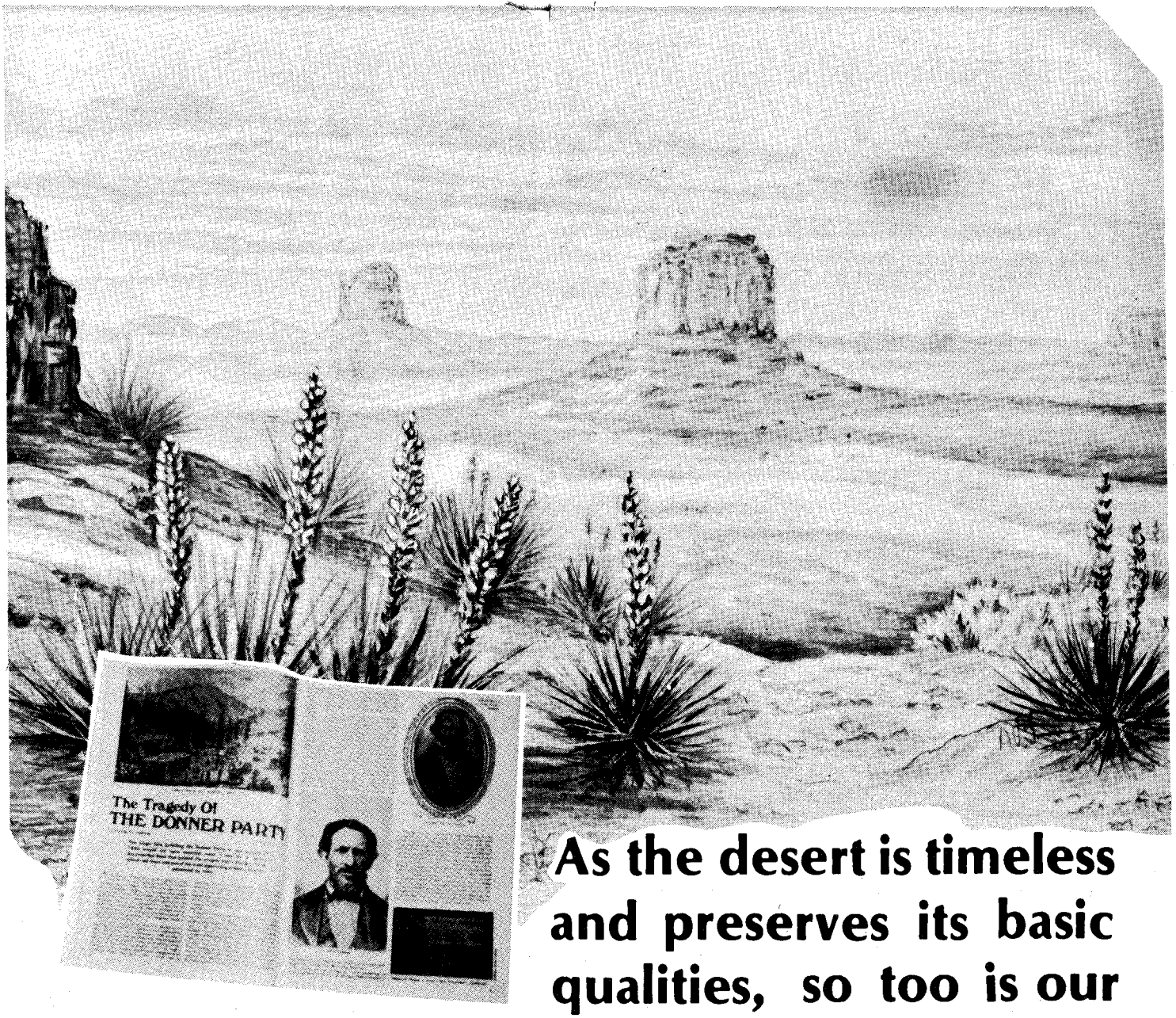

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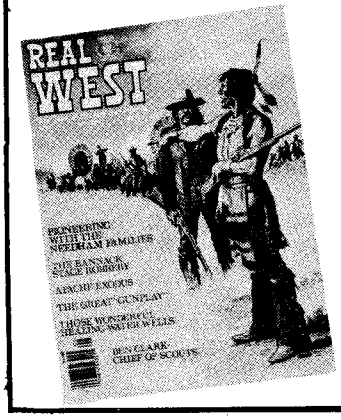

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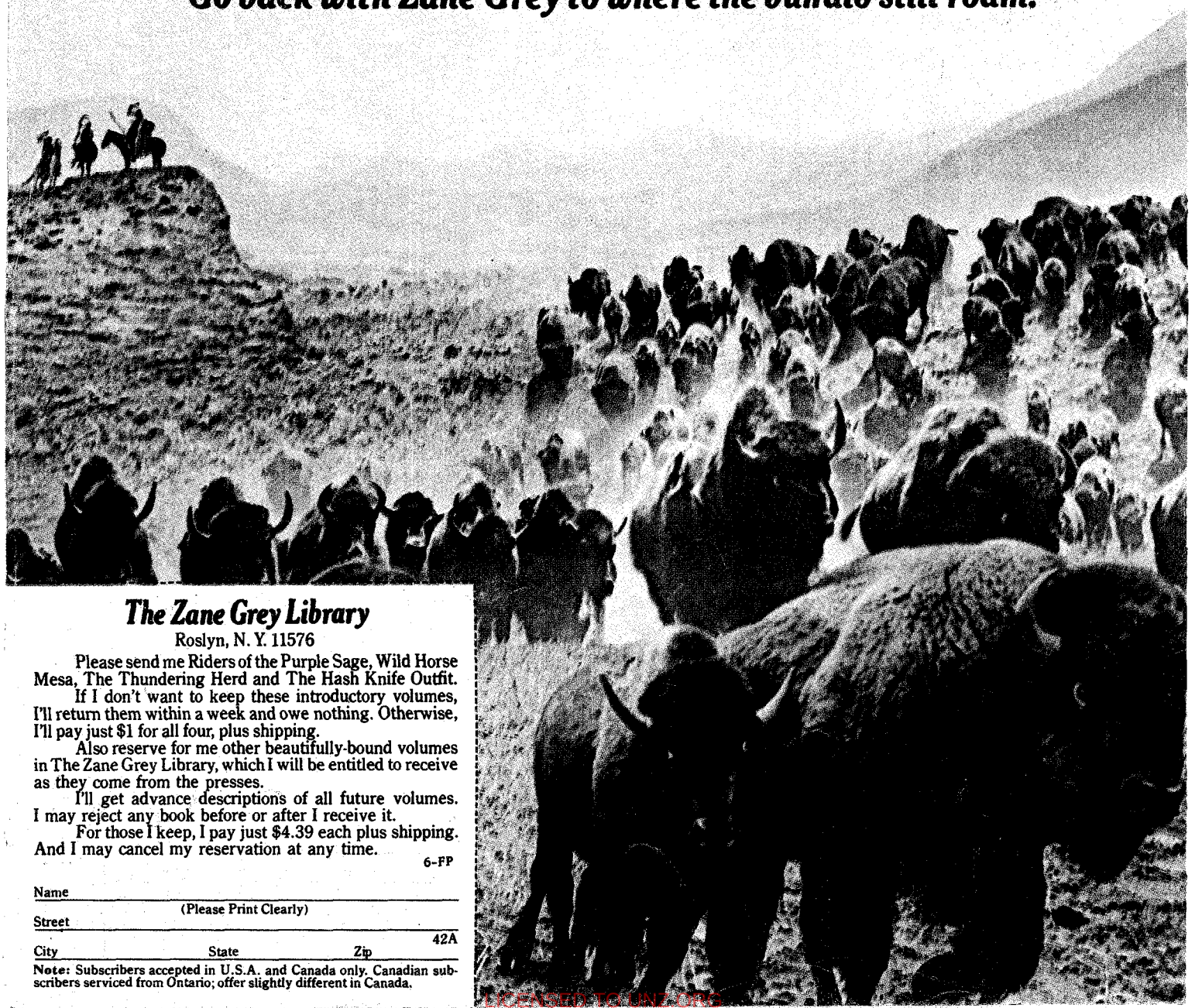

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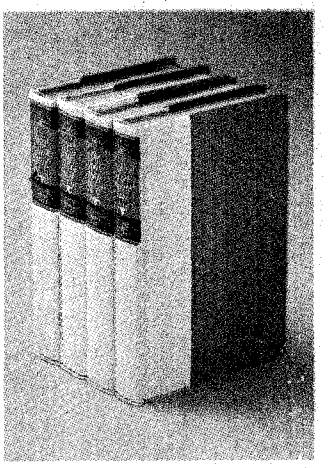

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